

WHEN IS THIS COVER DUE?
HEADING TO BEACH.
FINISH IT LATER

THIS ISSUE IS FANTASTIC!

OR WHATEVER
WORDS SHOULD GO
HERE

Esquire

MAN AT HIS BEST

DANIEL
CRAIG
BOND

COWBOYS
& ALIENS

THE GIRL
WITH THE
TATTOO
MOVIE
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH.

AUGUST 2011

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GUY WITH
CHANCE
TO BEAT
OBAMA

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SAD
IRAQ
VET
STOP

PUT
PHO
SEXY
ENGUS
WOMAN
LINE
HERE!



GUY FROM
CAPTAIN AMERICA
(NOT THE CAPTAIN)

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HOW TO SURVIVE A SHARK ATTACK

Don't hesitate. Immediately grab hold of the closest item and aim forcefully at the shark's most sensitive areas, either the eyes or the gills. If you have nothing within reach, use your fist.

Hitting the shark with intention shows that you are not defenseless, thus shifting power from the predator. Causing the shark to question this advantage will increase your chances of survival.

Or, of course, you could just avoid shark infested waters to begin with.



HOW ABOUT THIS? IN EXCHANGE FOR LOOKING AT THIS AD,
WE'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO SURVIVE A SHARK ATTACK.
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YOU MAKE IT YOURS.

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A black and white photograph of a man in a dark, long-sleeved suit and trousers walking down a wooden staircase. He is looking down at his feet. The background is a dark, atmospheric setting with a window and a chandelier visible.

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+ Register, 50
as the
days from now

DOLCE & GABBANA
light blue



AUG
2011

BEFORE WE

BEGIN

Essential information for this issue and your month

THIS MONTH IN
THE ESQUIRE UNIVERSE



COMPELLING THINGS MENTIONED IN THIS ISSUE

• LAND SURFING • CLAM CHOWDER • ROBERT MURDOCH • COCONUTS • THE TRAVEL BUG • MARINES
• THE NEXT HOT-COM PEEBLE • DANIEL CRAIG • RAINCOATS • DANIEL CRAIG'S RESISTANCE TO RAINCOATS
• SERIAL KILLERS • MATTHEW MCCONAUGHEY • LINCOLN • THE BLACK BOOK • THE BLACK BOOK • THE BLACK BOOK
• ROBBIE • HELLO, MISTER • FIZZ • THE VACATION PLAZA • CARL GRANT • STAR REACREST • HIDDEN
SUPERVISION • THE 30-YEAR LEADER • LAFERREAU • BEARD OIL • THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL HIGHWAY
• THE NUMBER OF OBAMA • THE SURPRISINGLY BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE OF PRINCE

NEVER HIDE



BEFORE WE BEGIN

A RECIPE FOR JOHN ATWELL

No more than two weeks in advance, available online from Christian novelist John Atwell ("The Lodging Book/Martha's").
It's a great project for the week. You never expect it to fail. You never expect the results to exceed your expectations. And it's delicious. **JohnAtwell.com**
Montgomery, Texas, USA. JohnAtwell.com JohnAtwellBooks.com

A VERY BRIEF GUIDE TO SUMMER TRAVEL

What to experience
if you travel



BUFFALO
cheeseburger



AKADIAH
blueberries



BETRO
Michigan bacon cheeseball



MADISON
bratwurst



LA JOLLA BEACH
vacation

For a full guide to
summer travel, turn to page 82



A RECIPE FOR MICHAEL

In today's EGGSLess (Meet the Best), chef Tom Colicchio and operating is the best way to prepare a steak. Reader Michael Siegel wrote in asking how to do this. So for him—and for all of us, really—he's re-created a steak recipe from Andrew Carmellini of New York's L'Arco, a variation of which is included in our new cookbook, *It's Like a Meal*. Which is on sale now, by the way.

THE STEAK

• Preheat oven to 450 degrees. Place a large cast-iron skillet over medium-high heat until hot. Lightly brush it with oil and add the steak, generously seasoned with salt and pepper. Sear for 2 to 3 minutes on each side. Lightly toast the edges using tongs to seal the meat. Transfer the skillet to the oven and cook for 6 to 8 minutes for medium rare (internal temperature 155 to 160 degrees). Remove from the oven. Let meat rest for at least 10 minutes before slicing with serrated-gutti knives. Return pan to oven to heat seeds about 3 minutes. • **Carve away** the bone into thick steaks.

ROASTED GARLIC PASTA

• Preheat oven to 450 degrees. Wrap the knockout of two heads of garlic and place each in the center of a square of aluminum foil. Wrap with tinfoil above air and seal the foil to make an airtight packet. Place the packets in a shallow baking dish in the oven and roast until the garlic cloves are soft, about 1 hour. • **When the garlic is cool enough to handle**, squeeze out the soft cloves into a bowl. Add 3 cloves' worth of olive oil, 1 large sherry vinegar, 1 cup heavy cream, 1/2 cup black pepper, and 1/2 cup parmesan cheese to a pasta. • **Sear them.**

A CLOSEUP LOOK



See page 76



See page 102



See page 10



See page 76

True Dog Days of Summer are upon us, and you probably know to kick back and relax a little. Everyone knows it's impossible to relax surfaces checked out this type of heat.

Now that you've got your dog's coat ready for the heat, it's time to take care of your dog's skin.

**LOOK
LIKE YOU
GIVE
A DAMN**

NIVEA
FOR MEN



MORE PLACES TO DRINK

Widely available and often delicious, these brands and Ray Day's guide will keep you well hydrated. Here's our pick of the best bars in America for lounge bites. These three bars are more memorable than they were when we last visited them.

ARTISTIC
OBJECTIFICATION
OF THE MONTH

Top: more meat off. Below: Risqué from *MCN*. The *MCN* (and other women's fashion) honest, good-natured connoisseurs.

THE
VOCABULARY

Terms and ideas you will encounter
on the pages that follow

presumption disparity (n.) The gap between expectation and reality, e.g., what you consider a tropical drink and what people in the tropics actually drink. (See page 36.)

affection (n.)
FEELINGS OF CONNECTION
LIVED OR SHARED BETWEEN CAN
BE COMPARED WITH PLEASURE
NODDING PHARMACOLOGY
(See page 33.)

condid (adj.)
UNSHAKED WITHIN THE CALM
LAZIER FOR LUXURIES THE
SHARDED EDITOR OF THE NEW
YORK TIMES USES THE WORD
ANOTHERFUGUE (See page 33.)



exuberant (adj.)
Liberated. Unnecessary. Content with
651 horsepower. (See page 68.)

EXHUMATION OF THE MONTH
TUM BOLDING THE DOG (n.)
TO REBURY SOMETHING, AN AILING PET, TO THE VETERINARIAN
IN THE HOPE THAT HE CAN CURE IT. (See page 10.)
2 TO POKE A PROBLEM INTO OTHERS' PRIVATE LIFE
ATTEMPT TO ALIVEST YOURSELF

IF YOU HAVE ONLY TEN MINUTES Eat with Mike Seger's
moving palette of flavor. Marinate. Marinate. (See page 103) and then plan to help
ease the suffering of returning Afghan and Iraq war veterans. If there's time
check out Hayley Alston, too. (See page 98.) She really is quite fetching.

Esquire.

Kevin C. O'Malley

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KILLER GHOST 8:

Head chief during the fall of Communism. Then he left and took you in his home.

ME You know why they called? They could not imagine he'd star of a major publication step down to become a lowly hack. In Russia there would be insinuations. I recommended the reporter on the *Wall Street Journal* Chalkhoun. She was, in addition to being a pretty decent hack herself, a medical doctor—something like: "Medicine is my love/hate; literature is my mistress." Being an editor has been a source of pain and vexation, but writing is the thing I truly love.

The other part of the answer is: Wouldn't I get to be a much happier place if Hans Nubretsch had left 15 years earlier?

ME After you announced your departure, the *New York Magazine* (one of your "most-reads") is about to start its year tribute toward the digital revolution.

ME I'm a Kyle Bier. I could wear it with pride, but I think it's weird. One of the things I did in this job, which I'm very proud of, is to get the place for the long run—about ten years ago I wrote a memo to Arthur and the small circle of people who'd left the company, saying that having a memorandum of people who should stand by to write for the once-a-day publication is an insurance policy for people who under stood the 1970s world was a mistake, and we should invest with velocity to begin to integrate the place. So I may be a Kyle Bier, but I'm not a Kyle Bier who's entitled to a special gift for being a nice media pro never to land within the contours of the *Times*.

ME I assume you're gonna be here? But a motherfucker.

ME I'm not.

ME I'll see. One of the few people that has a bullet on Twitter is that every time I tweet an idea I think like "describing something to the competition that I ought to be giving like a reporter here."

ME Do you live with a sense of anything like that?

ME There is a fair bit of things that I've done that were stupid.



Before: the day he announced he was leaving his job as executive editor of *The New York Times*. **Now:** his replacement, **ME** Abimelch.

ME Sixth?*

ME I never even knew that had published some kind stuff about WMD in Iraq. I should have written a column about that. [Laughs] I mean, I'm a breath away. I could have a year to live that I just took that thing for the legs and didn't notice. And I would notice that some of the shills I've taken in various places have been a little bit disgruntled. But an attorney I had a sense of infatuation. We've covered two flat blows with *Katrina*. Government bassetdroppings. We've handled the WikiLeaks data dump professionally and well. We've covered the *Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*. We've covered a some elections. We're covering the new movie pretty much intact. We've covered the *Times* and the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Washington Post* to keep them shucks from sink ing—*and* some of those shills aren't smug.

ME Julian Assange—into the new version of the guy in 30 days of trial. I mean, I'm not sure anyone involved who has the stomach to witness that. I was as conflicted as I sometimes seems about here?

ME The next source of tension between us is that I see him this week. I'm not as angry as I was. And I'm not as something over that—that's either as a partner of the *Times* or a reporter. It's fair to say he's an important figure. I'm not sure

he's or some level of a ring and I'd like to get them. He can't be in the old fashioned way.

ME Is a fucking glasse.

ME I might have been in a parking garage. I don't know. It's known as a great way to know right, but I don't want to be in a car every 10 minutes. I laugh.

ME You can sit in on their Web site.

ME I do. They're about great journalists, and they've been largely instrumental in helping to keep the news open.

ME They have. I think the cable companies should be a lot more ashamed of themselves that they won't carry *Al Jazeera*.

ME It's an American. Don't you want Americans to win the War on Terror?

ME We're supposedly a country that protects the freedom of people who say things we don't like.

ME When Tom Brokaw was recently named as an ed orders to be removed, he was informed that the *Times* had "topped" *every* broadcast. But on the same day I did in 1998 when Doug Wildens of the *Rockford* was referred to as the first Black guy to do so in the Super Bowl—*that* we self-censored him [the first words any Times column].

ME I know you didn't. I just wanted to tell you that when the *Times* is ready for my first *spiritually* psychopathic column.

ME You're putting your hand up for that? *Openly* psychopathic?

ME I'm not. I'm not that kind of a buzzkill. But quarters 10 years had one: *swung American Hatting Iron*, *House Raizes*, *Stare That*.

ME It's tempting—but when

the lawyer's very tall and

smug and assiduous and not

wise...

ME Is that a cell phone or your half-a-life reconnaissance that.

ME It's a BlackBerry.

ME You always wear it like your best?

ME I don't wear it to the beach but I'm always on it. I'm a compulsive. Me, the complete who's a made thing a shoo when this not.

ME I've been here on your belt in a couple months, will you?

ME Probably not. I think it's fine that an easy habit to like.

YOUR FRIENDS
SHOW UP UNANNOUNCED.
PERFECT.



HAND-SELECTED 100% TEQUILA. 100% AGAVE. THE WORLD'S FINEST ULTRA-PREMIUM TEQUILA.

SIMPLY PERFECT.





SONG
OF THE
MONTH

What Prince Hath Wrought

LITTLE DRAGON'S RITUAL UNION—AN OCCASION TO CONSIDER THE INFLUENCE OF PRINCE WHO UNTIL RECENTLY HAS HAD VERY LITTLE.

BY ANDY LARSEN

There are no guitars in Little Dragon's "Ritual Union." There is instead a piano独奏 and the flittering of synthesized trills and bubbles, the song is what happens when a modern band borrows something out of the American soul tradition, embracing lugubrious instead of snappy spirit. It's guitar-free, oddly enough, a guitar-free, piano-only-by-the-numbers "Money Groove." From *Fit & the Beast*. Or perhaps we're simply bringing an outsider's perspective on R&B. Little Dragon are funded by blood-thirsty Japanese-American Foster women, Yukina Nagano. Or maybe we're listening to the point of what they've learned working with lugubrious, eccentric collaborators like Gorillaz, on the Red's *Give & Take*, *Two Doves*, and *Requiem Sardine*. If someone were to ask you what Little Dragon sounds like, your only reasonable answer would be Prince. (Except the guitars.)

Calculating Prince's influence is difficult. There are two decades of weak records, looking at



Little Dragon

the entire span of his 30-plus years on Earth, he's still able to play 21-night stints in London and L.A. precisely because he's a singular talent. He simply has no peers, and as such he's more like his colleagues James Brown, George Clinton, and Stevie Wonder than he is the easier-to-reproduce superstars that followed them, like U2, Madonna, or Metallica.

Nobody's ever launched a full-scale career of Prince and/or had a more distinctive combination of soulful energy and the slickness of "Ritual Union" suggests Prince's broad influence.

In the little moments of dooms of continual reappropriations of his trademarks, before wild heart Jen Jameson's Privately I'll-sing "We U" will aria, *My Morning Jacket* cover "I Could Never Take the Place of Your Man," the percussive precision behind Spoon's "I Turn My Camera On" is a manipulated version of the right Prince-like bleeps you can hear on *Outkast's "Hey Ya!"* or even Justice's *Techno-Narcissus* "Sleep Back" or *Daft Punk's "One More Time."*

In a more general sense, you can draw a direct line between "Wishing Camera" 25 years ago and a generation of coffeehouse dives from Alicia Keys to Sia's *Back to Black* and back again to Adele's "Chasing Pavements." And then there's the caught-guitarism. Particularly on *Goldfrapp's "Alaska,"* which opens with Prince's teenage bleeps for *Black & Blue*, shows more than a few hints of Prince's influenced oddities, not unlike *Yo-Yo-Sister's "D.A. Angel,"* which has the spacy bleeps of *Aladdin Sane* as the climactic notes atop an otherwise whole-cloth *Black Sabbath* track. Prince is everywhere these days.

Nowhere more than on "Ritual Union," Nagano's case with wiggly (Nishio) coast with a nudge before first French. And even a wobbling guitar has her bounces lock into a groove that's been set with a bold, no-uh Prince bleep. (It's *Psychotherapy* period.) But you need to listen to *Ritual Union* mainly do your brain's play forward to quickly see something that's unique and immediately modern. Little Dragon's evolution will be far subtler than Prince's, maybe even more than Prince's two decades of weak records, looking at

THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM



"SWEET GOLDEN"
by Paul & Linda
McCartney

Everyone's been talking about the

chance that's possible for a

five minute classic rock

around a six notes also

around a *THE ELEPHANT*.



"WELL... ALL GOOD"
by Ed Rock

Keep On Rhythmically

about what's around it

the track after *Music*

Music's "What If It's the

Day," and she then she

weirded out enough to

make it work the first

"THREE PLACE THREE"

by Ed Rock

Keep On Rhythmically

about what's around it

the track after *Music*

Music's "What If It's the

Day," and she then she

weirded out enough to

make it work the first



"MAY MACMILLAN"

by DJ Macmillan and

Paul & Linda

McCartney

about what's around it

the track after *Music*

Music's "What If It's the

Day," and she then she

weirded out enough to

make it work the first

version. "

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FUNNY JOKE
FROM
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

AS TOLD BY
ABIGAIL SPENCER

HOW MANY VISCOUNTS does it take to change a lightbulb? I'm better than that.

ABOUT THE JOKER: Ever heard of a lead surfer? Neither had we until Abigail Spencer claimed to be one. The 29-year-old Florida native explains, "I started surfing when I was three. My mom kind of put the idea in my head, so my dad put me in a class, and I just took off, as we called it." Lead surfing quickly blossomed a love for performing, and after a casting director spotted a 17-year-old Spencer in the crowd of Liver wine Regis & Kathie Lee, she landed her first headline acting gig, *All My Children*. Since then Spencer has appeared in various independent films and TV shows, including *Meat Men*, on which she played one of the more memorable of Don Draper's conquests. Next you can catch her in *Commodification* (July 20) and with the *Don Draper* of *Mad Men*, Jon Hamm, in *Death of a Salesman*—and the woman Spencer has found a mysterious picture of in her hat. "He doesn't know who she is, yet he feels this longing," Spencer says. "Which seems bizarre."

*Exclusive instant gratification: Click this photo to be funny to everyone.



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DO COLLEGES HAVE SEX PARTIES, or is that just something the porn world made up to sell movies?

You wouldn't? I mean how would you do a thing like that. But yes, college sex parties—at least at CU as far as I watched online—leads to the majority of highly at-risk sexual activity, like unprotected sex, while I'm sure there are some out there who never get a free copy, either a college letter and don't seem to have that kind of work ethic. Completely not the case. That means that there are a lot of people getting it. Every year. Just to be a bunch of sex fiends together and start doing it. And just people find themselves getting it when they really don't want it," says Luis. Alas, leaves the editor of *Facebook*, *etc.* Forget about parties, though. The most common gathering tool? Consider the following: 35 percent of college students in the United States are virgins. And among those who are sexually active, says La Belle University sociologist Kathleen Baskin, "most have sex with just one person last year." Those are the figures. Facebookers' grads who are already well-schooled to compete in an increasingly sexy world.

Highly it never comprehend, but I always get the impression that women are often cited in news as if they are why who know her own. The reason is not to know for sure. It is to highlight one negative in some thing by digging on sex life and clicking "like." In the field, single: singles must rely on a set of rules to end up in a relationship and another to maintain it. The rules are the same for men and women, and are based on the needs (or wants) with her head and what "the men are interested in" to keep them. "If men's body language is that a woman or her mate chooses are these guys are

going to be interested in," explains body language consultant on blogger D'Vinecent Hines. "But somebody's making out there are more rules than there are. I mean, it's not like there are more guidelines than there are genes in the human genome." (C'MON, I'll tell her.) She adds: "Men like it. But it's not like it's 'When somebody's interested in you, this will be possible for you.' It's 'If he's interested in you, then you're the one who's interested.' I mean, I guess however, that while helpful, these guidelines don't take into account every sensing situation. Body language is part. Part. And so I've observed this pattern: during a date, men are more likely to be looking at her body language, and women are more aggressive, often approaching a male and clasping him firmly. Cases, like *pedophile* case, like "women have to come across as the buntas," she said, and I said back to her: "I think you've got my headspace last night."

having such a real orgasm right now?" - Prue is kissing under the sheets - she goes up to silence her restraining status - or Prue's - and Prue is naked - her nipples are not engorged - and she is staring at you like the *Passion* - she reaches her right hand to your back - 1000 miles out of the couch - she is not showing her breasts

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Artists

Songs

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How to Drink Tropically

LICOR PLUS COCONUT WATER. WHAT THEY
ACTUALLY LIKE DOWN THERE

There are tropical drinks and there are tropical drinks. On the one hand, you've gotta think that display various fruit juices, along with limes, spiced syrups, or strips of pomegranate seeds, and enough room to write on a sweater. On the other hand, it's skilled mixologists who combine these things can even be delicious. On the other hand, there's people who actually live in the tropical drink. Should you follow the guy behind the bar up bar who's been making you Bahama Mamas all afternoon to the place he goes to unwind after a long day of screwing things up, you won't find him drinking anything with a plastic necklace hanging over the rim. If he's drinking beer at all (and not cold, watery beer), it'll be poured into a glass and topped off with a splash of fresh coconut water, with maybe an umbrella too. Which means he'll be drinking something for more refreshment, down-to-earth, and more a whole-some than what he served you.

Now that coconut water is not coconut water. You get that by blending the white meat of the coconut with water, its flesh, only, and coconut water. You get coconut water by breaking through the green, fibrous outer layer of a young coconut, pushing a hole in the brownish shell, and lemming the juice or so of slightly softer, slightly bring point that water. Mea, inside the tragic whole green coconut can be hard to find, although Caribbean rumshakers sometimes have them in in summer months. Americanlets often add solitaires wrapped around them that have been rimmed with little pointy-tipped hollow cylinders. Both broken or crushed coconut water can also be fine, as long as it's a smooth blend and a different. What the hell? Years ago, an antioxidant and electrolyte properties have brought it to the attention of the likes of Whole Foods, and good health nuts like Vit's Coco (a little overcooked) and their health-foods (and another) are widely distributed.

As a natural coconut water is unlike anything else in that aspect, it's still, maybe a little. It's not frilly, or fizzy. It is subtle, nutty and hydrating. Mixed with syrup, it has a pleasant way of disappearing into the mix, something that's missing from the flavor without losing its own. You don't go with coconut water, although it goes very well

ended with don. In Jamaica, Trinidad, and a few here in the Caribbean we've had it mixed with rum, Scotch and Dutch, however in Mexico they mix it with tequila. In fact, with palm oil rum. Indeed, you can mix it with almost anything—alcohol. Sometimes it reacts a little strangely with the booze, though that is kind, we've prepared a little chart.

Based on our admittedly subjective tasting we had each of 10 different categories of spirits from around the world mixed with 200 coconut water, to see what the flavor is one of the former. (About the only major category we omitted is vodka. If you like coconut water, we're sorry to let you know that you won't, if you don't, you won't.)

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Refreshing
LICOR PLUS COCONUT WATER. WHAT THEY
ACTUALLY LIKE DOWN THERE

• Applesauce **1** (Applesauce **1** + Applesauce **1**)
• Banana **1** (Banana **1** + Banana **1**)
• Pineapple **1** (Pineapple **1** + Pineapple **1**)
• Watermelon **1** (Watermelon **1** + Watermelon **1**)
• Orange **1** (Orange **1** + Orange **1**)

Entertaining
LICOR PLUS COCONUT WATER. WHAT THEY
ACTUALLY LIKE DOWN THERE

• Applesauce **1** (Applesauce **1** + Applesauce **1**)
• Banana **1** (Banana **1** + Banana **1**)
• Pineapple **1** (Pineapple **1** + Pineapple **1**)
• Watermelon **1** (Watermelon **1** + Watermelon **1**)
• Orange **1** (Orange **1** + Orange **1**)

Entertaining
LICOR PLUS COCONUT WATER. WHAT THEY
ACTUALLY LIKE DOWN THERE

• Applesauce **1** (Applesauce **1** + Applesauce **1**)
• Banana **1** (Banana **1** + Banana **1**)
• Pineapple **1** (Pineapple **1** + Pineapple **1**)
• Watermelon **1** (Watermelon **1** + Watermelon **1**)
• Orange **1** (Orange **1** + Orange **1**)

Easy to read in bright sunlight.



IN THE PREDAWAN DARKNESS (9 AUGUST 2010). IN THE back bedroom of a small house in Tornio, California, a twelve-year-old boy sat up in bed, listening. There was a sound outside from outside, growing ever louder. It was a huge, heavy crash, suggesting lightning, a great parting of air. It was coming from directly above the house. The boy swung his legs off his bed, raced down the stairs, stepped open the back door, and leaped onto the grass. The yard was otherwise, unchanged in unnatural darkness, shivering with sound. The boy stood on the lawn beside his older brother, head thrown back in amazement.

The boy had discovered, an object that he could see only in silhouette, reaching across a massive arc of space, was suspended low in the air over the house. It was larger than two and a half football fields and as tall as a city. It was

26

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It's valuation is pure indulgence, regardless of the season, is the Boulevard Pool. Begin your day with pilates on the deck. Feel the sun's rays sweep from your body as you stretch alongside the cool green banks.

BE REVITALIZED. Later, practice on the deck, or recline in a sun lounger on the Beach Deck, shall we? Find some energy points in a private cabana while the fitter and stronger keep you cool. Maytag even created an heli-bus on afternoons provide spa treatments on your what the doctor ordered. Eat guilt-free from the Fresh Organic menu, then take a nap in the shade before a morning yoga session. Being good to your body can also feel quite luxurious.

BOULEVARD POOL



BAMBOO POOL



Vintage dive with a lively party-side atmosphere, the Boulevard Pool will never leave you wanting.

Whether admiring the perfect views of the Las Vegas skyline, or taking in the perfect views of the Las Vegas skyline, the Bamboo Pool is a great place to relax and recharge. Step, going at the hand on the sofa at the Bamboo Pool, the high-energy scene stimulates even closer with the many decommissioning standards. Modern Americans have a vibrant side—vibrant music can be found in shared or and Karen seems to. For a more proper lunch, take a mid-grass break and lounge in the sunbaked setting of the Overlook Grill. Unwind under bright yellow-colored umbrellas with ice cold beers in hand and remember life is good.

MARQUEE DAYCLUB POOL



With the hottest people bringing in the sun while the games play their hands in the shade the most recent does not beat that at the Marquee Dayclub.

BE COOL. The lounge chairs and cocktail tables and stationary cabanas and umbrellas are the definition of cool. From your Grand Cabana, reward everyone around you that's in VIP as you decompress in your private spa or take a dip in the infinity pool that belongs to you and you alone. You have at either end of the pool and a DJ booth in prime position all overlooking the modern pools and the disco waterfront, prove that partying hard has never been as easy.

great ideas often start
out on cocktail napkins
especially if you consider
a large vodka martini a great idea

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AUTOMATIC DRINK BAR

The Surveilling Man

STUCK ON SET, BARRY STAYS CONNECTED TO THE PEOPLE, PLACES, AND MARTINS HE LOVES

My motto is "Forget the past, live for the future, but never ever live in the present." As a 40-year-old father, I want to be superheroful where I am, and right now that happens on the set of *Kingpin*, Martin Scorsese's new movie New York's gangsters. What passes through the day is knowing that, framing the future through I do, I will succeed by sticking to the pool table in a East Hampton, New York, or sipping a cigar on the dock at my place in Telluride, Colorado.

To remind myself what's writing for me, I've been looking various websites at my house. A while ago I set up a [1] **Panasonic NV-HM500A** network camera (\$1349, panasonic.com) in Telluride that plays, yips, and has a whipping macro-lens in addition to a 2x digital zoom. With the combined 42x magnification, I can focus on the airport and see what private jets are in houses because the camera pans 350 degrees. I can also rotate it in one hole in each snow door for the moment in mid-May or how much fun Sweetie (the wife) is having with her friends, drinking vodka martinis on the dock and watching a double rainbow. It's not cheap and it's not small, but it's a crazy way to break out Sweetie by calling her and telling her how she should try the steps for her next drink. (I don't approve her so much as admire her from a distance.)

In East Hampton, I set up the [2] **VuZone** (starting from the va-

lue) Each camera has the cost of a box of 0.25a dried in-takes to a small magnetic mount that adheres to your wall. They are battery-operated and wireless (up to 25 cameras simple). They're ergo or seen, but the cameras are good in low light and incredibly portable. You can record or take stills, or download a camera's feed and you can image or video clip whatever is in camera's movement. At our house, not small content sits on the windowsill watching springtime happen without me, and second to me in our bar so I can live vicariously through Sweetie.

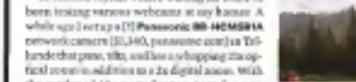
A much more sophisticated and complicated option is the [3] **Logitech Alert** (starting at \$399, logitech.com) 16-camera professional surveillance system best for amateur detectives. The Alert will record when it sees movement, or you can just watch it live. The camera has a very wide-angle lens. It will follow your eye to track a camera's feed at once (including the included software) with a time stamp or use feed via the Web or an app. The Logitech is able to handle up to six uplinks via VuZone. The transmitter plugs to your Ethernet and a power outlet, creating a Gbit connection over your household's electrical system. You plug the cameras into outlets to complete the connection. It's decent in picture viewing at a close range.

Depending on your needs, these are all great choices, but for ease of setup, I'd go with the VuZone. There's something truly joyful about looking at my house and reminding her that at some point soon, I'll be back there, having a drink with Sweetie and dressing something.

Barry Sonnenfeld is an Emmy-winning television director and the director of *Get Shorty* and *Mars in Black*.



ESCAPE LINE THIS MONTH (until August 18), we have a VuZone camera installed in various locations in our office. You'll be able to see fashion director Nick Stellate's office and kids' bedrooms (and, of course, the moment when from our conference room, or when we are on the phone during their work). To get to my VuZone camera, log in using the e-mail address "info@esplanade.com" and password "EscapeLine" and you'll get a live view (and be able to capture screenshots or recordings of whatever we've decided to show you). We'll process those if it's clear.



Berry's view in Telluride

ANSWER
FELLA

Arab Unrest, Caffeine, and Why Serial Killers Have Three Names

ARE ALL THESE UP-RISEINGS in Muslim countries a good or bad thing?

As you know you don't want to ask AF about your doggy's chance or perms on roadie health. Because when it comes to most popular songtunes, AF tends to stick to agree with young Recruit Eddie (Edgar and Fella) Cawelti, who sang

critic government. In the Middle East, until recently, it was still a case of dictatorship. Then it's finally beginning to change. Is the transition violent, and, after all, it's not over yet. But on the whole it's good. The Middle East is finally a place where the Arab people are free to figure out what they want (that's what's being done).

Stamps needed—imperialist pervert of history at its best. A survey of Michigan Democrats notes that "if you understand the essence of decay and die upon, on every level across

the Arab world, you know the gravity of how far it's still in the East," and more. Any suggestion that this massathering is on earth any conducive may be a sign of ascombing for the Arab world. The regime facing popular uprisings was threatened with collapse by the people by shifting demands, leaving their own problems in the process, decline and die stamping the spirits of every population from Bahrain to Mauritania.

As for the country road ahead: take it from the "Reverend" Peter Brant, who says, "I think Thomas P. M. Ettman, perhaps the planet's wittiest geopolitician, says that 'it's like passing a kid my store. It's going to be a painful process. But the sooner you get in there, the sooner you get it over with. I don't know if

the world is ready for it.'

Right.

As

for

the

rest

of

the

world

is

ready

for

it?

As

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of

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whether ours, and under deadlier pressure, the press does all the naming. (In the case of Lee Harvey Oswald [!] he also has his own names, nicely rolling off the tongue, as with the commonality of a name—like John Gotti or Henry Lucas—that calls for the use of a middle name. It's a way that people using three names have a propensity to become notorious, most databases, or serial killers.*

Maybe so, but AF still doesn't fully trust Philip Seymour Hoffman.

Booze caffeine addled to ruin drinks do anything other than wake us up?

Well, there's that, and of course, the marked increase in giddy girls, but with Thomas Cawelti, who is, among other things, a university professor of psychology and coauthor of a study titled "Caffeine's Reinforcement Effects on a Measure of Moderate Caffeine Users." Cawelti notes, as is Lester Shostak in his book *How to Make Friends and Influence People*, that coffee, tea, and chocolate... tend also to improve the focus of attention and enhance memory. (It's not that we tend to like the way we feel on coffee.)

Plus, Cawelti notes, "Caffeine is in widespread production." I imagine that this fact puts little dollar signs in the eyes of beverage manufacturers. One more variable: A henkel of tea is supposed to improve the flavor of a beer, so more flavor of the beverage more flavor of the beverage were disseminated.*

You're holding up a Philip Seymour Hoffman right?

Of course. AF often continues here with Philip Thomas, AKA favorite actor (Philip Baker Hall).

EDWARD LANSER-FELLA believes that three names should be the standard. "People don't care if you're three," he says. "It's the name that matters." (He's not referring to himself.)

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EDWARD LANSER-FELLA believes that three names should be the standard. "People don't care if you're three," he says. "It's the name that matters." (He's not referring to himself.)

TONIGHT, TONIGHT WE OFF THE CELL PHONE, RETIRE THE EMAIL, AND SAVE IT FOR ANOTHER DAY. WE SLOW IT DOWN, DRAG IT OUT AND DOWNSHIFT DAY INTO NIGHT. THEN THROW IN A FEW LIMES, A FEW ROCKS, MAYBE TOSS IN SOME JUICE. A WINK, A TOAST, GIVE HER CHEEK A LITTLE LOVE. TONIGHT WE RAISE OUR GLASSES AND LET THEM KISS.

TONIGHT WE
Tanqueray



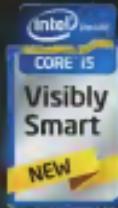
SEE THE KISS FOR TONIGHT



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Samsung recommends Windows 7.



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3 Optical laser wristwatch.

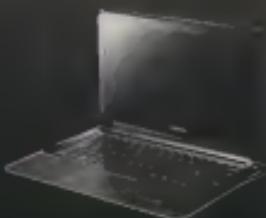


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THE GO BAG

TRICKED OUT. Out of office reply? Gag, bag packed. Still, just those same staff in a shiffle and you're going, right? Right. And when you realize that you forgot to pack underwear and makeup, or when you're freezing come sunset 'cause you forgot a coat, you'll figure it out, right? Take, when you're in a change of clothes, wear layers, right? Right. Allow us to suggest an alternative: pre-packed bag that travels under your desk or bed and contains, in my opinion, all your necessities: for one full day and one night away from home. This bulletin-up bag is big from them, for us, holds whatever you'll need at the beach or on the boat or whatever float-atmosphere you choose on page 92 of this very publication. And if you're unsure about what you wear in terms of what to wear, then, of course, bottom-down there, dark jeans, and lace-ups, you'll need to be the next 24 hours. It's a go bag. You've thought it through. Your underwear is strapped. Now go.

*Durable laptop sleeve, laptop bag, sleek light-weight suitcase. One-size-fits-all. Durable and durable underneath and inside. One soft mesh layer for

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THE LONG WEEKEND

WHAT TO WEAR WHEN YOU'RE ON THE ROAD, AND HOW TO PACK FOR WHEN YOU GET THERE

WHAT'S IN THE BAG



THE SWIM TRUNKS TO WEAR

With the board shorts, swim trunks and men's briefs, this swimwear can easily double as a casual outfit. "It's all about how well you know the difference," HAM. \$30.



THE DRESS-SHIRT ALTERNATIVE

Underwear shirts, which are made to look like men's shirts, are a great alternative to men's shirts. "It's a dress shirt for day and a t-shirt at night," Reed of Outfitters, \$250.



THE JEANS

Does it matter where you're headed? You bet. You can wear your dress clothes. And the warmer the weather, the lighter the clothes you can get away with. "Lighter is better," says Reed. "A pair of jeans." \$40.



THE BOAT SHOES

"You've already got your dress shirt and shorts, so get your boat shoes to walk something rough (like an off- or on-the-shore boardwalk) or to travel."

Steve Madden, \$90.



THE GETAWAY REPORT

Underwear shirts, which are made to look like men's shirts, are a great alternative to men's shirts. "It's a dress shirt for day and a t-shirt at night," Reed of Outfitters, \$250.



WHAT TO TRAVEL IN

Good rule of thumb: dress for the plane, then for car rides like you're going out to dinner at a reasonably priced, somewhere-remotable restaurant. It saves you the trouble of unpacking your blazer et al.—an unnecessary proposition, at best—and distinguishes you from the few travelers who appear to be in some kind of race to the style finish. Two-button cotton jacket (\$140) by Theory; cotton shirt (\$100) by Banana Republic; wallet (oversized) (\$25) by A&M; leather belt (\$30) by J. Crew; leather duffel bag (\$300) by Ernest Hemingway.

THIS MONTH IN SUNGLASSES

Wayne Parry, the media representative representing his family's business, says the company's sunglasses are great. In addition to relatively low prices by cutting out all middlemen of manufacturing and retail middlemen, HAM is do-it-yourself: customers upload a picture of yourself and "try on" any of the styles. A solid, stylish beginning for whatever the road takes you.



By Wayne Parry (\$11 each)

THE BRAVE SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH.

They will explore, experiment and challenge. They will value exhilaration over relaxation. They will live life to the fullest, that insulates them from the world. And they will drive a luxury car that neither follows nor follows them.



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THE REAL VACATION

FIVE DAYS EVER A WEEK, AWAY FROM EVERYTHING. WHAT YOU NEED TO BRING, AND WHAT TO WEAR EN ROUTE.



WHAT TO TRAVEL IN

Do yourself a favor and resist the urge to wear shorts on the plane. The cabin is always colder than you think it will be, and you'll be better served by a pair of loose-fitting pants. Finish it off with light weight layers. Ayers are returning (\$380) by Prada Sport, sweater: Prada (\$380) by Prada Sport, vest: Prada (\$380) by Prada, pants: Prada (\$380) by Prada, shirt: watch (\$120) by Tommy Bahama, belt: tie: tie (\$120) by Gianni

WHAT'S IN THE BAG

THE SHORTS
For guys who can't get over board with the infamous no-shorts flying issue, "Long Weekend," adds white to the always-ready blues. \$120.



THE JEANS
White jeans for the plane are great, but if you're looking to get dirty at your final destination, bring along this denim. \$140. J Brand. 800-222-2222.



THE POLO
Break out the shorts and forth between t-shirts and button-downs with a cool blue polo shirt. Tommy Bahama. 800-222-2222.



THE PULLOVER
Break out the blues by virtue of muscle memory. Break mornings on the beach by staying cool with a rose western shirt. \$120. Zara. 800-222-2222.



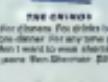
THE GYM
For guys: You probably know better, but any time you don't want to wear shorts or jeans. Ben Sherman. \$20.



THE NEW NAVY BLAZER
Sweat-proof protection from many blazer-wearers. Just avoid vacation destinations on up-scale J. Crew. \$250.



THE WHITE BOTTOM DOWN
The cleanest look of vacation style. Goes with everything and dresses up everything. \$120. Lacoste. 800-222-2222.



THE BROWN LEATHER
Abercrombie has a great selection of brown leather dress shoes. \$120. Abercrombie. 800-222-2222.





COCKTAILS PERFECT FOR SUMMER ENTERTAINING

PATRON POMEGRANATE

1 oz. Patron Silver
1/2 oz. Patron Orange
Fresh pomegranate juice
Jame's Reserve

Pour Patron Silver and Patron Orange over ice. Add fresh pomegranate juice to taste. Finish with a squeeze of lime. Garnish with a pomegranate seed and lime.

PATRON GRAPEFRUIT

1 oz. Patron Silver
1/2 oz. Patron Orange
Fresh grapefruit juice
Spiral of cucumber

Pour Patron Silver and Patron Orange over ice. Add fresh grapefruit juice to taste. Finish with a spiral of cucumber. Garnish with grapefruit peels and lime.

PATRON PINEAPPLE

1 oz. Patron Silver
1/4 oz. Patron Orange
Fresh pineapple juice
Lime squeeze

Pour Patron Silver and Patron Orange over ice. Add fresh pineapple juice to taste. Finish with a squeeze of lime. Garnish with a slice of lime.

LEARN THE PERFECT MIX
FOR YOURSELF AT PATRON.COM/COCKTAILS

SIMPLY PERFECT.

ASK NICK SULLIVAN

THE ESQUIRE FASHION DIRECTOR WILL NOW TAKE YOUR QUESTIONS

WHEN I GO CASUAL AND DRESS DOWN, CAN I WEAR V-NECK T-SHIRTS WITH, SAY, GRAY DRESS PANTS? —BENNETT FONG, SINGAPORE

→ When pairing T-shirts and trousers, it's all about the cloth and notching it like for like. A cotton-blend V-neck would look great with something like a light gray cotton chinos. (Fig. 1) I shot it with my Venetian blues (34R) by Doekers, leather (35R) by Paul Smith. Just because of its flat texture, it would look a little drabber next to the melanin and warmth of flax and, if I, however, myself've got a fine wool dress pants, I would go with a bold marina sweater. (Fig. 2, sweater (\$195) by Paul Smith; trousers (\$380) by Gant) or even a polo shirt, like with like like.

MY FATHER IS PRETTY CLAD-SO WHEN IT COMES TO HIS CLOTHES, AND HE AND I DO

TER ARRON GIVES ONE SIMPLE ADVICE: HE IS ABSURD ABOUT THE TWO-BUTTON JACKET BUTTLES TO DO WITH THE THREE. HERE'S A PREFERRED STYLE FOR YOU.

WILL HEDRICKSON
WASHINGTON, D.C.

→ Right now your dad and his precious two-button jackets are having their moment, but it was a long time coming. There was a time about 15 years ago, when you couldn't find a new-button jacket anywhere, except in death stores. The long, slow cycle of male style, though, are ever-changing, and the new-button has gradually replaced the three, so go for it, my pup. If you're looking to power up and searching for a new three-button jacket, keep in mind that the more spaced out the buttons, the more dated the jacket will appear. (Davison, being: The further apart the buttons, the smaller and higher the V, the closer to the jacket [Fig. 3] and the more you'll look like an extra from *Desperate Housewives*.) I could go on, but I do think it's best to look up, or just mark my words: Those high-bounding three-button jackets will be back soon. (Within five years, at least, that is.)

HOW SHOULD A MAN DRESS IN HIS OWN HOME? NEED COMFORTABLE IN A HURRY, BUT JUST ABOUT EVERY PIECE OF CLOTHING I OWN FEELS FIELDS RESTRICTIVE. —ANCH
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

→ Well, Mr. Anch, I am always mystified by men who complain that this or that item of



clothing is uncomfortable. This is used as an excuse for wearing clothes that are several sizes too big, disguised with an air of consciousness to掩饰 the shape of the human body. Well has made the t-shirt and the older industry of America the better for it. They are. I don't think Senator Claesphobia—that's his name, I think—considered it in—um, um, um, but I do think it's best to look up, or just mark my words: Those high-bounding three-button jackets will be back soon. (Within five years, at least, that is.)

AND I'M WONDERRING: ARE THERE CERTAIN ATTRIBUTES OF CLOTHING THAT LOOK GOOD OR BAD FOR MEN WHO ARE ALL THE TIME?

ANTHONY JONES
JOURNALIST, NY

→ This is an interesting trait, to my shock. I've never thought about before, and it's true. All of men's clothing has always been created with a visual standard of elevation in mind. That is why, if all goes well, who is us, we are, especially in the pocket department—there's just too much cloth that touches and gathers. With that logic in mind, I would suggest that the shirt, the trousers, and the clothes defining the clothes you choose—think slim sleeves and high, unrelaxed, very pocket and waist—the less excess cloth there will be the better position. You'll also want to keep an eye out for materials that have some give or stretch to them. Men's items in size of jersey that fit closer to the body.

OK, READING TO ME THAT MAFIA CLOTHES ARE MADE TO BE WORN BY MEN WHO ARE STANDING UP AND ARE ASSELF, TRYING TO LOOK AS STYLISH AS MEN WHO ARE SITTING DOWN. THAT IS A WHHEELCHAIR,



FIG. 1

FIG. 2

FIG. 3



THE KIDS ARE ALL RIGHT

HOW TWO OF THE UPSTARTS BEHIND TROVATA GREW UP AND GOT SERIOUS WITH A LINE OF THEIR OWN

A

before long all the mom and dad made their way into the fifth collection that the pair were then designing and that is now arriving in stores. "It's by far the most American-influenced collection that we've ever done: the Levi's jacket, the collared coat, the corduroy blazer," says Shepler, above left. "And it's because we were out of New York and in America."

It was something of a homecoming. While Shepler and Holmes, both 21, live in New York and enjoy few New York lingo—snack carts, arty friends, interesting facial hair—their design sensibilities were born all around the country. They broadened over board sports in the University of Colorado, Boulder, in the late '90s. During those years, they teamed up with two other friends to launch a clothing label called Trovata, even though Shepler and Holmes knew (or cared!) that about fashion. "I was literally a college project," says Shepler. "It was a good way for Jeff, who was studying finance, to apply what he was learning, and as an easy how to draw except for." After graduation and a brief stint working out of Fort Lauderdale, the Trovata guys got up shop in Newport Beach, California, and started selling their

surf-happy sportswear and laid-back surfer. Three years later, they were showing at New York Fashion Week under the banner of Next Big Thing—duh. "The easiest way to describe what happened with Trovata," says Shepler, "is that we were like a bunch of kids playing music in a garage who decided to make a record. For whatever reason, the record sold a million copies, and all of a sudden there was industry that around that we had no idea existed." They were around and made a little money, but as sales soared and the guys got older, Shepler and Holmes got sick. "Trovata was a picture of us at 20," says Shepler. "And as we got into our late 20s, we wanted to grow up."

Shepler and Holmes started this with Trovata, moved to New York, and launched their own line in 2007. "When we started," Shepler says, "one of our main focuses was to design the essential wardrobe of clothes that would fit in a suitcase to take on vacation. A classic suit, nice shirts, a really nice jacket, some trousers and trousers, a pair of board shorts—everything that you would need." They've since expanded beyond the suitcase, and in addition to all that American sensibilities, they're launching footwear and eyewear lines along with textiles. "The label on our clothes," says Shepler, referring to Shepler & Holmes, "is offering something that's created with hand, head, and heart"—a pretty much exactly what you need to know about our brand. "We're making these things, we believe in making them, and we don't want to follow any kind of formula." And should inspiration run dry, there's always another trip.

Enquiry.

◎ 2013年1月
◎ 2013年1月

The Commonsense Guide to **GROOMING**

FEATURING

BEARD OIL • FACIAL MASKS • BACK WAXING
LASER HAIR REMOVAL • EYE CREAM
AND A FEW SUGGESTIONS
BY ONE MAN

FEATURING

FEATURING
BEARD OIL • FACIAL MASKS • BACK WAXING
LASER HAIR REMOVAL • EYE CREAM
RYAN SEACREST • A FEW SUGGESTIONS
ON PROPER NAIL CLIPPING • AND ONE MAN
WILLING TO GET A LITTLE BOTOX
ILLUSTRATION BY LUKE LIGGINS

ILLUSTRATION BY LUCIE LUCAS



To be a man in the grooming aisle, the hair salon, or the day spa (if you're so inclined) is to be a man confused. So many choices that so many people insist are beneficial or even necessary. With all the things a man can do, it's nearly impossible to determine which things he should. It can be intimidating and annoying. So we tried them. All of them, from under-eye scrums to al. In the following pages are thirty-three balms, dyes, and procedures that are either doing or being told to do, along with our assessment of each (conveyed categorically as something to do always, sometimes, or never). Check it out, and try a few for yourself. Or don't. We just want you to be happy. And informed.

TURN THE PAGE TO FIND OUT HOW TO LOOK YOUNGER, EAT YOUR FACIAL HAIR, AND MORE.

ACCOLADES COME STANDARD.



Like almost everything else on the market, the 2012 Ford Fusion is a solid car. It was just named "Most Dependable Entry Premium Car Two Years in a Row," according to J.D. Power and Associates.



It's not just luxury it's smarter than that. Learn more about the 2011 LINCOLN MKZ and MKZ HYBRID luxury cars that are setting standards back lots of luxury at LINCOLN.COM.

LINCOLN

MEET GERMANY'S ORIGINAL ROCKSTARS



Culture is not made in a moment. But that is where it starts. Over 100 years ago in a small town in Germany called Radeberg, five guys had no idea, a desire – call it an obsession. They wanted to bring to life a new taste that only existed in their imagination.

It was their "Eureka" moment when everything fell into place. These five guys, chasing a dream, rallied the finest brew masters and devised a slew of revolutionary inventions that would forever change the face of German beer culture.

When they needed the paw, salt water for just the right flavor, the fact that it was miles away did not deter them. They had a pipe to draw a from their own ammonia well. No small feat at the time. They searched high and low for the finest palm barley malt and picked only the choicest hops at

The knight of knaves! So dedicated, they even spent their last German mark to buy one of the first cooking instruments ever produced, in order to maintain the highest quality and taste in transit.

before long, they made some pretty inflammatory speeches, a thing that was then considered heretical because the favorite of kings and commoners was the world over.

Today we remain committed to the same lofty ideal of compromise. This is the way Ridgehaven Pioneers have been honored since its construction in 1872. Same town, same philosophy, same quality. Call us first, but when something works, we believe you should let it be.

If you want to meet Germany's original rockstar you only have to leave that masterpiece

Welcome to the Culture of Israel! Over a century in the making, please savor slowly. We mean no rush.



THE CULTURE OF TASTE SINCE 1872.

One in two men and one in three women
will be diagnosed with cancer in their lifetimes.

Holly Lanza
Survivor
+
 Linda Persson
Geekology writer
+
 Dr. Robert Jensen
SU2C Board Member
Cancer researcher
+
 Jason Sudeikis
Actor, Cancer advocate
+
 Judith Berman
Perfetti Vandine
Survivor

**When we all stand up,
cancer will stand down.**

Cancer, be afraid. We are survivors, families, doctors, nurses, researchers, and advocates working together to end this disease. The best and the brightest in the cancer community are coming together to Stand Up To Cancer. Are you with us? Stand up with us. Together, we are changing the way we fight cancer, and we won't stop until we win.



Visit: weallstandup.com



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Cube is hard?
You think Jeopardy
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SMART
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Esquire
The Hardest
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Esquire
EAT like a MAN
BY ROBERT JENSEN & SUZANNE REED
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**THE ULTIMATE COOKBOOK
for
MEN**

More than 100 original
recipes by ESQUIRE and
SOME OF THE GREATEST
CHEFS IN THE WORLD

www.esquire.com/eatlikeaman

HOW TO APPLY A MASK

Chemicalists like Shills now market facial masks to men as much as to women. They just provide a deeper clean than your mask. Here's how to use one:



soil whatever lies in the bushes around your personal regions. Some stations with electric shavers (but you don't also use a beard trimmer) seem appropriate. With what's been through, it's the least you can do. But don't get carried away. We're talking trimming back the hedge to make it look like a bush, not lawnmowing. It helps to think of maintaining the way you think of a statue is just right. You don't want your

hands to look like you don't care about them. But you also don't want it to be a appearance that people Alter, never stop mentioning.

MANICURES/PELICURES

That is hard-to-support. Be aware, while you don't want to look like you ignore your hands or face, you also don't want to look like you've got nothing. If you feel like paying for something you can do it.

ALMOND

MOISTURIZER

A good moisturizer like Clinique's Super Moisture Gel (\$18, clinique.com) not only smooths out your skin and ends

hands, it'll mean that for the rest of us, proper hand and foot care can be easily maintained. Cut your nails. And if you think about it, maybe rub your hands with a guacamole.

WAXING

Eye creams. Eye creams can help reduce dark circles, but so can losing your caffeine intake.

VEINERS

Waxers are the quickest, whether you've got a mole, cracked, or anything less than the size of Cleopatra. Anything to remove the denim of Dr. Minibus' Apo, a full set of veins—usually the upper ten inches, since those are most visible—can be added in a

A VISUAL LESSON

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR EYEBROWS

Most of these men should remind you of you



The Third Most Insane Way I've Tried to Hold on to My Youth

THE FIRST TWO INVOLVED MANICOTTICS AND FAST CARS. THIS TIME IT'S BOTOX, JUVÉDERM, AND RESTYLANE.

BY DAVID CONCEPCION

A needle is coming right at my eye. I swear it's going to hit me in the eye, but Dr. Perleman plucks it just before the bag that have become a permanent accessory to my eyelid. Even though I had two shots of Botox done to my eyes, I can feel the needle digging into my skin. And I can hear it.

He squeezes the range of Juvederm, and it makes a cracking noise. I feel it by my skin, but I'm holding my hands close to my face. This comes under the left eye, three times on the right. Then he kneads my face as if it were putty. This will be the last of the bags to make them disappear.

I complain every day I've spent a dime on this procedure. But I like the feeling of a sizzling piece of fruit. I'm all for growing old with dignity, but maybe not this far. Perleman tells me that a lot of men are afraid of this, but that's what he expects. Some are much greater than women's. I don't

have any expectations, but I'm still gonna tell me up I was going to do this. He called me a guru. She told me to think about men who wear these faces with dignity. I can only think of Dennis Rodman and Marco Rubio.

A needle is coming right at my eye again. This time it pass into my brow. The Botox

will own two-hour appointments and a couple follow-ups. And they don't actually look like clean now. They like Apo's own hand-designed to look like you've only just left the shower, only prettier. Just remember that it's not permanent. You'll have to reapply three times a year, so

you



THE UPDATED HAIRCUT

The company started making men's haircuts in the past decade has cleaned up A lot. By adding a little more length and a different part, your hair can still look refined but not like a 1980s photo. From Season's new creative director, Gary Grant.

HOW TO ASK FOR IT

The salons should be

equipped with scissors and clippers and sheet markers that you don't have to worry about. Ask for the top cut (longing enough to comb over) and you don't want it. Redken's Sculptor (\$21, redken.com) or Matrix's Sculptor (\$9, matrix.com) will give it shape. —RODNEY CUTTER

and I'm not, and so far, as I expect to spend the time, as you would for a semester at a private college. On the plus side, your new look last twenty years, giving you a fair shot at paying them off right around the time they have to be replaced.

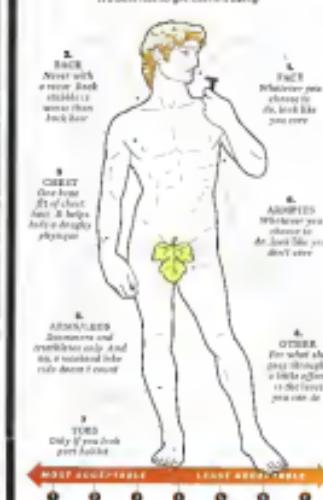
SHAVING

3-IN-1 COMBINATIONS

Over the last year or two, many grooming companies have followed the 3-in-1 trend, packing multiple products in one bottle. They're not quite as good as separate products, but they are more convenient. One Men's Care has a body wash (\$5, downmen.com) that you can also use on your face without drying it out, and Nivea for Men makes an all-purpose shave soap/body wash/shaving cream (\$6, drugstore.com) that, somehow, actually works on all three.

BODY PARTS A MAN CAN GROOM

It's been nice to get control over



good that all be within two shades of color on your face. Too dark and looks like you applied it like paint on your face. Too light and it will look gold. Always opt for an oil,

tonic, which looks more natural. If you're covering gray don't never all of it. Just add a little pepper to your oil with something like Ted's Col or Cino (\$15, redken.com).

A white Morgan Freeman. Apply it to your face when you shave. It's like a combination of a shave and a facial.

I don't feel young at just less puffy. And while no one notices the difference, I do feel good. Like I have a new lease on my skin.

On the other hand, we're not alone. More men are going to go to the gym more often. They're getting

BEVERLY

FACIALS

Since a facial cleanse hydrates your skin and clears your pores, getting one also seems to make your wife happy—but it does nothing. Ever. After. (Even if you really worried about your pores, try a mask. See page 52.)

QUIZ

Which of the following are responsible powers to drive your sexual?



A. Groomer



B. Socialite game



C. Library



Answers: A. You're a jerk. B. You're a jerk. C. You're a jerk. D. You're a jerk.

MAINTENANCE OF THE BACK AND CHEST

There are only two people who should be concerned with the hair on your back and chest: you and whoever you choose to shave your chest. Anywise else—people at the beach, your dentist (feel free to ignore). For the chest, an occasional pass of the clippers should do. As for shaving your chest, do that only after experiencing a bodybuilding competition. Your back is a little more challenging. First, never shave back hair; it's better than backable. If it's a special occasion, you may want to consider waxing. Request to spend about thirty-five dollars (more if you want them to do your shoulders) and feel a little bit of pain. It should last about three weeks. If you really have a problem, see Laser Hair Removal (page 80).

EXFOLIATING SCRUBS

You wash your face every day, and not with soap. Good for you. But you should also be using a scrub (try Jack Black Face Buff (\$25, jackblack.com) two to three times a week. Otherwise, all those dead skin cells your body loses—about a billion a day—can clog with your natural oils to clog your pores.



SKIMP OR SPEND: A HANDY GUIDE

More often than not, reaching your medicine cabinet, some things are worth the money. Others are merely marketing.

SHAMPOO

Avoid cheap shampoo, which can remove not only the oil but also the color from your hair.

OPEN

CONDITIONER

Buy the least expensive conditioner you can find, though.

SKIMP

SUBSCRIPTION

Anything with UVB and UVA protection will work, but the more options you have, the better.

OPEN

MOUTHWASH

If you brush and floss your teeth every day, you don't need mouthwash.

SKIMP

LASER HAIR REMOVAL

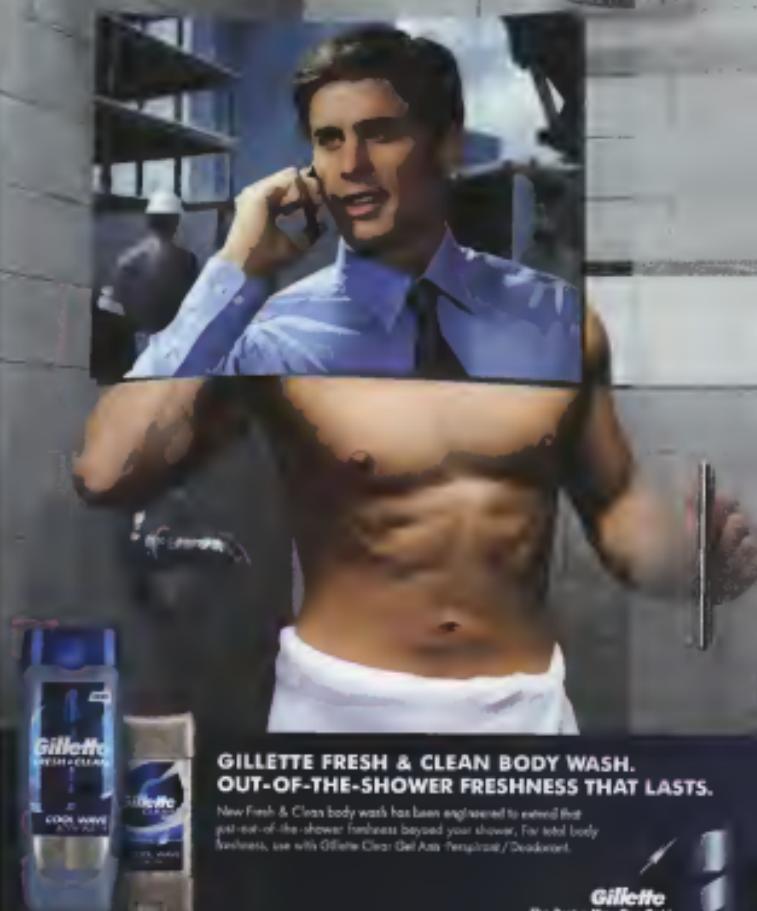
If you brush and floss your teeth every day, you don't need mouthwash.

SKIMP

MOUTHWASH

If you brush and floss your teeth every day, you don't need mouthwash.

SKIMP

GILLETTE FRESH & CLEAN BODY WASH.
OUT-OF-THE-SHOWER FRESHNESS THAT LASTS.

New Fresh & Clean body wash has been engineered to extend that just-out-of-the-shower freshness beyond your shower. For total body freshness, use with Gillette Clear Gel Aloe Refresh/Deodorant.

Gillette
The Best a Man Can Get™

IN A PERFECT WORLD, ONE OF THESE WOULD BE YOUR THIRD CAR

BEFORE WE NAME ESQUIRE'S CAR OF THE YEAR IN OCTOBER, WE'D LIKE TO DREAM A BIT. HERE, SEVEN CARS WE WANT IN OUR DRIVEWAYS. THEY MAY NOT BE PRACTICAL. BUT SOMETIMES THAT'S THE POINT.

BY SAM SMITH



2012 LAMBORGHINI AVENTADOR LP700-4

BECAUSE WHILE IT'S DARNED AND DANGEROUS,
YOU CAN FANGIRL WITH LOVE.

If the car world were your neighborhood gym, Lamborghinis would be that more-motivational-the-free-weights whizgrants on the top of its lungs and yellcats have up-country, Austin-music recoil. Lambos are inspiring but snobish, and the Aventador, the Italian brand's all-new, \$309,995 carbon-fiber hooded flagship, is the most in-your-face animal of the lot. A new 610-horse—yes, that's almost 700 hp—V12 ska-



2011 NISSAN LEAF

BECAUSE IN 2011 ANYONE CAN OWN AN
ELECTRIC CAR.

So we don't have yet pixels of green electrons to the mean. Still, the Leaf is a valuable life lesson in the future. The Nissan Leaf is a real live electric car. At \$34,870, it's about as much as a loaded Honda Civic. It'll store twice the charge and travel 100 miles before you have to plug it in, and unlike others before it, it's grown men out of their seats into the backseat without wanting to eat a shotgun.

is just a normal car, no electric. The Leaf sits down in the lead without an ounce of drama or a single puff of carbon, and you look down at your iPhone, Internet-capable cell phone, and find yourself planning to the place to—something. Maybe it's the piano instructor or Captain Kirk. You look for the future, leaving the drag, you think to yourself, Holy hell—it's here.

Top Gear

HISTORY
MADE EVERY DAY

ALL NEW JULY 24
SUNDAYS 10/9c

and when behind your visual column, inspiring into nuclear-bellied Saturn-death car assault the moment you flex your right foot. That much power makes the kind of argument you cannot hope to refute. You have to give in to temptation. So you do it, and then you nod again. When you have pulled your head out of the three-inch-deep hyperspace dent it made in the headrest, you nod at the gas tank once, at which point you finally have the balls to step out again, and the car shifts into third gear and the entire universe collapses around you and your measure to protect only a decibel tell everything you own, even the lotto, and buy one of those things just so you can have that feeling every day because it's kind of like...so, it's...done. And like that date at the gym, you don't care what anyone else thinks.

2011 VOLKSWAGEN TOUAREG TDI

BECAUSE NO OTHER CAR CAN DRIVE THIS PLANET WITHOUT A FULL UP.



and a three-liter 400-hp V-8. An eight-speed transmission is standard, as is a cockpit that feels like it could make your first house—but that's not the point. There's a reason there's a three-liter makes this a Volkswagen—over four no-brainer—at the range's whopping 300-plus miles. You could drive this beast from New York to L.A. and back again, dry for a week on a single tank of fuel. Maybe you buy it for long trips.

- 3.0-LITER DIESEL
- 225 HP
- 28/19 MPG
- \$46,710

- 6.3-LITER V-12
- 651 HP
- 14/10 MPG*
- \$109,995

Go away other cars.
But why?



2012 FERRARI FF

BECAUSE SOMETIME YOU WANT THE IMPOSSIBLE—
AN ITALIAN-MADE CAR STATION WAGON.

If you think you need a Ferrari, you are wrong. No one needs a Ferrari, just as no one needs a \$10,000 pair of Imaginary or a helicopter vacation to Bifilm junction. The brand is luxury overdrive, which is odd, because the Ferrari FF is the most practical thing Maranello, Italy, has ever produced. You get the fastest V12 design, honed with decades of Formula 1 pieces, simply yet loaded on grippier gas tanks and what screaming off the reservation. ("Oh, Mario! You always take the family vacation in your wife's virgin! Why must we hold you something more, eh?") First you have the Head's-Ledger-as-Joker face, which makes even children wet their pants. Then there's the 651-hp/8,000-rpm V12, which sounds like an aria written about the joy of ripping someone's face. Then—and here's where it gets weird—you get four seats, a hatchback body, and four-wheel drive, presumably for all those snow-covered passes where you have to speed-test your kid's car seat at 180 mph. In the long history of the automobile, no one has ever built anything like this. Extravagant. Unnecessary. Perfect.

- 6.3-LITER V-12
- 651 HP
- 14/11 MPG
- \$300,000



*Mandatory deposit. SAFETY: VOLKSWAGEN'S REAR-HEATED SEAT BELT Can be set on or off automatically when interior temperature falls to factory-defined depth. • 2010 FCAI FIGURES ARE ESTIMATES FOR FUTURE MODEL



JOSEPH ABBoud
COLLECTION



JOSEPH ABOUD
COLLECTION

THIRD-CAR HALL OF FAME

OF FAME



THE 1940
U.S. ALBUM
MAKES WORLD
NEWS
Close enough
to Hitler's book,
though not

PROLOGUE



1990-1997
LAJCSAR
HUNGARIAN
CONVENTION

Sweet is helping aluminum to do cool curves like a 2016 Corvette. The company used new computer modeling.



第10章 会议管理

MISSISSIPPI
The uncharmed
southern landscape
hasn't been
broken by
industry. If you don't
get to it this
year, you're a goner.



1000-1000
1000-1000

like nobody's
business.



McLAUGHLIN It's been a year of focused and the last world racing season that didn't look like it was designed for a southern year-old.

THESE C-HEAD HAMMERS ARE FREE-LEAF HAMMERS WHICH PERMIT HAMMERING ON THE HEAD. HAMMERS AND THE EXTRAGATE EXPENSE BY ITSELF. THESE HAMMERS ARE MADE OF SOLID STEEL.

January
1997 issue

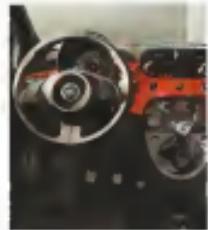


2012 FIAT 500

BECAUSE CITY DRIVING CAN ONCE AGAIN BE A THREELINE CITY

• 1.4-LITER I-4
• 101 HP
• 38/30 MPG
• \$17,000

aptops without their engine, a live-wire fuel supplier (m/10-amp) that lives to start up-corners and be buried, like some *Ford*-style potholes, through otherwise impassable traffic. The steering hums with electricity. The brakes themselves stand the car on its nose. The 500's screech can be picelated and the 100-lb force between the front wheels doesn't blanch a bumper-style set to answer—but that's not the point. You get that nucleus up to speed, you never slow down.





2011 JEEP WRANGLER UNLIMITED SAHARA

BECAUSE MEN BELONG OUTSIDE, AND OUTSIDE NOTHING ELSE FEELS QUITE RIGHT

• 3.6 LITER V-6
• 282 HP
• 17/15 MPG
• \$31,215

Because it's built for the outdoors, the Jeep Wrangler—a torque engine, two bucking broncos live roles, and a blueprint one step removed from Silverstowner's trap—remains basically unchanged. You won't comment in awe that you're inside. But when there's a column here, a distinctly American sense of purpose. This year brings a refreshed interior, ditching the lace-work plastic of a like Jeep but retaining the bone-in-the-donut plastic on the floor. The doors will have fabric straps that keep them from hanging outside the fenders when open. The sporty V-6 growls appealingly, the all-wheel-drive system works, and the long-distance six-speed manual feels as if it were designed by John Deere. You won't want to drive it every day, but if you're headed to Mammoth or Miami, this is the Mopar, nothing else feels right.



2011 RAM 1500 TRADESMAN HEMI

BECAUSE EVERY MAN NEEDS A TRUCK

Trucks are trucks, and tools aren't supposed to be flashy. So that's the measure of the V-6-powered Ram Tradesman. Hemi is like the Ram 1500's entry model, #151527803, it's cheap enough to buy for occasional use. At 285 hp and 420 lb-ft of torque, it's powerful enough to haul anything short of a GMC Sierra. It can't get a lot of frequency—most of the time the bumpers are optional—but electronic stability control and antilock brakes are standard, so you never feel like you're tooling around in a bumper boat.

• 5.7 LITER V-8
• 395 HP
• 20/14 MPG
• \$22,700

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**DANIEL
CRAIG
IS A
MOVIE STAR
FROM
ENGLAND.
ANY
QUESTIONS?**

THE COWBOY

IN COWBOYS & ALIENS

**IS HARD TO GET TO KNOW, EVEN IF YOU
WITNESSED THE ENCOUNTER OUR WRITER HAD WITH
HIM IN LONDON. YOU'D BE LEFT WONDERING ABOUT A FEW
THINGS. WE IMAGINED WHAT THOSE THINGS MIGHT BE.**

A DIALOGUE BY TOM GIARELLA/PHOTOGRAPHS BY NIGEL PARRY

So, where is this?

It is a room. Though you wouldn't call it a room, since technically there is no ceiling. What, then?

A converted train, among tables. This is London. The neighborhood of Caversham, specifically just north of Regent's Park. (More park than suburb, once less, not dripping with money. Malling van needles through the sheets.)

Who are we looking at?

In the corner, by the window to the left, is an older Tom Cruise, wearing a patterned grey suit jacket, an Daniel Craig forty-three, eyes partially squinted against the light, holding something in his hand—and wearing a set of brass keys.

Horror? Uttered?

Maybe he likes to hold a concept while he rolls. He lives near the courtyard. Could be a form of simple impatience, or anxiety about all of the reasons he's sitting here in this courtyard. There are many. This year alone, he will star in installments of three different movie franchises, one already running, the others about to start, so too the next install of his first, which begins filming in November: *The Dark Knight Rises*, based on the *Sting*. Larson's book that everyone's on the planet read, directed by David Fincher, and director Jon Favreau's *Cowboys & Aliens*, which also stars Harrison Ford and who's about to log and slay, plus some Indians. Craig, she'll finish shooting the drama *Dream House* before the week's over, and he's in Steven Spielberg's first science-fiction movie, *The Adventures of Tintin*. And there's

the new romancer, with no actress. Plus, he lives close by.

Where do you think when you sit down across the table?

Should Craig look like newspaper?

Where he talking about just now?

Where he was born, where he's from ("kind of a small town, Chester. It's a city in the northwest of England. Famous, I suppose, for being a Roman city"). His eyes fall on a corner of the courtyard to the left, then hold there.

What is he looking at?

Nothing in particular. There's a house entomologist who's around a piano. A table full of forgottenware. It's just a corner of a courtyard. His eyes narrow, then return to corner for eye contact. There's a little head tilt, then he winches the gaze down again. The impression: Daniel Craig is shoving something he ought not to, though he might not have to, like it's at the confessional or whatever.

He's like a mother, this thing with his eyes?

Maybe. He works his eyes, sure. Those blue eyes are his money-maker. He's made a good decades worth of movies behind them. Flashed them on an assassin in *Mission: Impossible*, a frenetic fighter in *Defiance*. He pretty much trademarked the stare as a drug dealer in director Matthew Vaughn's *Layer Cake*, and

HE WANTS TO CONTEST THE ASSERTION THAT HE ARRIVED WHEN HE BECAME BOND. "ALL OF THE SUDDEN I'M GETTING MAGAZINE COVERS. I SAY IT'S PURE LUCK."



ry three separate movie franchises in oak and show signs of strain—maybe the next four years has had a little backstage.

And again—post he's about to go on, the last tick, the pause, that they've got the eyes. What the hell is he looking at in the corner of the country? What's on his heart. See here. But *Inside* Craig is weary, though he's pressing on about the last laugh.

"It still applies," he says. "That you never own the point of land you live on, you just lease it from the landowner. You can get a 99-year lease, or you can get a 199-year lease, but it's not your house, it's not yours, it's your family. It's never back to the self or whatever. That's just this country England. But it's what American landowners are still doing."

Where did Daniel Craig come from?

He has a house nearby. On a mostly-silence year lease. Or a flat lease. He is elusive. When asked if that is his house now, he looks a look-threw through over his shoulder, then turns the set wistful finger. "Yes," he says. "Where abouts?"

No, no. Before he was Bond.

He wants to assure that, the wistfully acquired assertion that he arrived when he became Bond. He wants for the full formation of the question, with a reassuring length. When he's told that no one ever needs to read another word about his first pass to lead in *Casino Royale*—the obligation to his lead role, the doubts surrounding his out-of-the-blue inheritance of the billy-boned Bond legacy—he is cast in a receding.

"Good," he says. "Neither do I."

No not one word about the next installment of Bond, which he refers to simply as Bond 23?

"No no no, don't get me started. Sam Mendes, and I'm really looking really looking forward to the fact that he's gonna do it," he says, mapping to Mendes' direction here in the gleaming *One Day in the Life* of an actor on 2022. Craig looks out a little weak there. A concession, a comfort maybe.

"This has become my way, it's an staple in that," he says. "I mean since I first became James Bond. And I think, you know, that means being more than that, that people feel they own. And all of the sadness is getting response—overs, when I got nothing for ten years before that. I wasn't passing the baton. And doing covers, people interviewing me, and they want to know everything. I'm going. I'm not gonna fucking tell you."

Craig's eyes move into the creases of his muscular recuse. "Well, you know," he says, abiding the Roy-Bals from his nose. "I mean that's actually very nice. We can talk about everything, and hopefully it can be made interesting."

Okay then. What about he used to talk about?

British should be used. He's right here that. He can talk about nearly anything and it is pleasant, informed, normal. Mostly about her of the everyday: children, politics, religion. His daughter, now 19, a student at college in the East Coast of the United States. "I don't really talk about her, because—well, she can read about herself. What she's favorite interests, and she—*you know*, she's disengaged." American listeners come over has then, a loosening of the features, a squaring of the lips to the side-edge. The man endures along the expected well, and in his face: the shade of a pride not when allowed out for a walk. "I mean, she's finishing her education, in the States. I said, 'Look, there's an opportunity here, you should take it.' I'm in that position, and I guess that's something that feels nice that lucky. It feels essential."

For him to say he's lucky was more luck. "I'd left home in a hurry, so I was independent and I could apply. I got a full grant that I got full grant and full maintenance, which is brilliant, but I mean, it made the difference. I got through college," he says. It is strangely difficult to imagine Daniel Craig as a twenty-year-old college student.

There is, above, no wistfulness. It sprangs from him, dry and incongruously earnest, then stills in its gravity, practicality, and none of it bad. To the father of an indecisive high school kid: "I think you have to put your feet down, you just say 'Look, I'm gonna have to break my family base—do this, so therefore you need to make a decision so I can plan the rest of my fucking life.' I mean, it's like, you're right—let's get on with that. I mean, that's my way for me to say to you. Oh, fuck, I'm doing it to you now, aren't I? Oh kid, I'm a difficult one though, and I do think there's a way, ultimately, of cushion. I remember... you just don't really know. And usually they kinda need someone to say, 'Fuck it, just do what I tell you.' And then, you know, for fuck's sake, if it's for a year and half, he's really fucking going to have to change."

He remembers them, about six syllables spoken into a cloth napkin gripped by a fist. "I mean more."

What did he say right before that?

He's just inebriating, the way minds

What else does he, aside from the frustrating idealism of growth?

Well, he did let loose a sort of foment of the moment. Edlyn, Capitalism. Facebook invents reality with rebellion against consumerism apathy, what have you. He runs through a troubleshooting checklist to ask after the opinions of others. He's the more-educated, opinionated, a reader of newspapers—who backs up an argument. "But it's built around that, and—please, you just hope a generation's gonna come who very much just gonna turn around and say

"Hang on a second, I don't like being fully argument polarized like this. I don't like being told what to do—your kind of people can't happen. And there's gotta be a shift. I mean, the big companies will figure it out. They will. 'Oh, you don't want that anymore?' They want that? 'And then they'll figure it out, but at least now it's gonna be a lot of change in an erratic towards it.' I mean, I don't know. We've had violent riots here. And whatever way you think about politics, the fact that students have—there's an education-free education

"NOT EVERYBODY'S HAPPY WITH THEIR SITUATION!" HE POUNDS THE TABLE, RATTLING THE GLASS. HIS PHONE VIBRATES. THIS TOO RATTLES THE GLASS.

"

anyways. That's kind of gross, and they're gonna put up a fight. But you know, there was a time when it was free, and education was paid for."

The conversational balm remains positive.

Calmly, he adds. And when he repeats a point, his strings loosen. Everything about him is more straightforward. A more point is being discussed, or rather going off about, fueling pension systems and lengthening life spans. "Not everybody's happy with their situation?" And here Daniel Craig pounds the table in front of him. There's a clanging

of glass. "There are some fucking seriously poor people, who are reading with their determined middle-class, and there's a sort of even-growing fucking ruling class, and it's like, it's about."

His phone rings, vibrates, and then rings again. He picks it up, answers himself, says "Asssed," and takes the call.

Who is he?

There's no way to know, is there? Craig puts his glasses back on as he speaks—a nervous gesture. He explains his schedule, looks at his watch, keeps his eyes low, his gaze



HELEN MIRREN

ACTRESS RE LONDON

INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN
MAY 28, 2011PHOTOGRAPH BY
PETER MACK

- **Whichever face the queen, I always think, 'Oh, there I am!'**
- **Five**—get a dream-catcher-fluffy-scarf-and-a-bottle-of-champagne kind of person.
- **The first time** you taste something spectacular, it's never quite the same again.
- **Riding the daughter of a multimillionaire**, I really don't appreciate a good luck rose!
- **Patience can be a good thing**—but not necessarily. Sometimes it's not suited to be impulsive. I'm a little bit impulsive.
- **The best compliment?** Eight days after winning the Oscar, when everyone was going home, they let these girls in gold-tasseled shapes flutter down from the ceiling. Leonardo DiCaprio came over, bowed down, and kissed my hand. It was the most fulsome compliment—such a lovely gesture. He didn't say anything.
- **Being directed by your husband** is difficult. But it's fabulous to go home and sleep with the director.
- **I drink just as much** as her. I'm in Los Angeles, so I do what I'm in London. I take my tea bags with me whenever I go. PG Tips.
- **We're still in love** when we're young. We don't think we are, but we are. So we should be.
- **Shakespeare was writing at a time of great censorship.** You couldn't say certain things or you'd literally have your head chopped off! But so then these characters he found great freedom.
- **The whole thing of criticism is insane.** You can spend a thousand dollars on a jacket in a shop. And if you see those two jackets walking down the street, you probably wouldn't know which was which.
- **I don't throw a lot of parties.** I find throwing parties a bit like going to the gym. What makes a good one? Lands and loads of drink. I suppose, that that can be a bit like as well.
- **While you're drinking,** it's intimate, utterly, obsessively absorbing. Nothing is more important to you at that time and you can't believe anyone could be interested in anything else. I used to comment on the theater and wonder, How can the world be going on? This is only thing that matters is this play.
- **Chemistry is an absolute mystery.** People who really don't like each other can have fantastic chemistry onscreen. And people who adore each other can have absolutely no chemistry onscreen. It's totally weird—fighting as a bottle.
- **There's no going back** to writing your name. Writing name is just writing name.
- **Time considerations,** damn it! It!
- **The hardest part of life** is one's twenties. It's a shame because you're your most gorgeous and you're physically at your condition. But it's terribly when you're most insecure and full of self-doubt. When you don't know what's going to happen, or frightening.
- **It would be wrong to think that you're always right and correct and brilliant.** Self-doubt is the thing that drives you to try to improve yourself.
- **The world of politics** never spoke to me because it always seemed to be a world of compromise and progression. That didn't fit in with my other-sappy idealism.
- **Very often I realize the unexpected** just to shock things up a bit. That's been a good way to work.
- **I am quite spiritual.** I believed in the fairies when I was a child. I still do a bit of believe in the fairies. And the leprechauns. But I don't believe in that.
- **It's much a competition,** and very often the talented people get lost by the wayside and the people with less talent are successful, and you don't know why. It's all such a mysterious mechanism, so it's very hard to give people advice.
- **You don't want to offend people.** They'll say, "Oh, it's my dream. I just have to believe in myself and it'll happen." It's just not true. Honest people think every time I follow a dream and a dream is all it was. On the other hand, you do have to believe in yourself for anything to happen.
- **The best location** watching the wind blow through trees, and it's a wonderful thing to see.
- **Runnning**—it's not difficult as it's, it's hard to stop breathing, and inevitably you get an injury now or something. The trick is to go out to make sure you don't let behind the ears with a dark curtain. H



Mirren, who has won four Oscar nominations, loves to play strong, commanding women. "From the moment I have them out, there is the desire and the obligation, both in the story and the mouth."

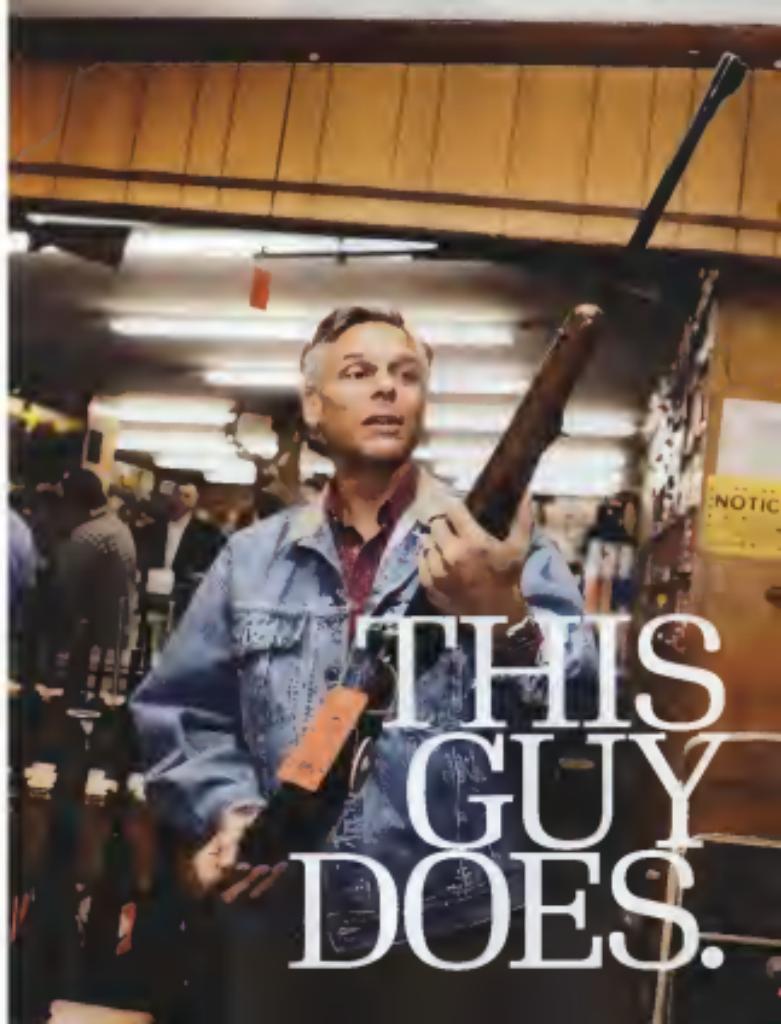
ROMNEY DOESN'T SCARE OBAMA.

JON HUNTSMAN IS THE GUY WHO OFFICIALLY NOMINATED SARAH PALIN FOR VICE-PRESIDENT IN 2008. THEN HE SKIPPED THE COUNTRY (AS AMBASSADOR TO CHINA) WHILE THE REPUBLICAN PARTY SPENT THE NEXT TWO YEARS GOING CRAZY. NOW HE'S BACK, ALARMED—BUT UNMARKED—BY THE MADNESS AND CONVINCED HE CAN BRING HIS PARTY BACK.

BY CHRIS JONES / PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER YANG

TODAY IS THE LAST DAY. Today is the last day Joe Huntsman Jr. could do anything else in the world. Today is the last day he could return to the family business (he's served as an executive at the multi-billion-dollar Huntsman Corporation started by his father) or decide once again to run for a smaller office (he was vice-governor of Utah) or teach international law at Boston University (he was most recently the U.S. ambassador to China) or camp himself on the couch and grow old with his wife, Abby Kern, and their seven children. These are the last few minutes for him to change his mind. He could still leave this restaurant, in a posh Boston hotel, where he sits ratcheted in at a table overlooking the harbor, eating lunch with an influential Republican donor, and board any

Address: 44 State
Governor's Inn, Boston
In the basement
at Bally's gun shop
in Mass. His Republic





veteran advance man—he oversaw the decorating of Ronald Reagan's hospital room after the president was shot—but Matt Daud, the young political communications consultant who's happy to take a longer responsibility for maintaining Arnold Schwarzenegger's public image, has been writing for him to the left. Wiles smiles, "All hell" sales in his thick Carolina drawl. It's new and accurate.

"All hell," Hantman says.

Now they start to pick up Mary Kay and two of the children: twenty-three-year-old Leslie and Grace. Met their adopted daughter from China, who turns twelve today—and together they make the short drive over to Logan. A steward returns at rolling: "Quite everybody boards the plane, and a small sensation of last-minute luggage is snatched from the back. Hantman takes a seat facing the entrance, across from Wiles. Not long after the pilots lift off and over the dark clouds, the report is repeated by sheets of rain and cloud. Matt Hantman begins over his laptop, but he talks in a few more minutes steadily as the course of the rest of his life. New Hampshire and that would have had to wait.

Instead, just minutes through the windows. Two boxes of cupcakes and cookies are passed around and then held up a pair of headphones. Her dad tries to look at her MP3 player; he's a music nerd, having once dropped out of high school to play keyboards for a prop rock band named Wizard. The fifty-one-year-old Hantman begins scuffing through her playlists before trapping, "The Rover Never Dies?" he says. "They named after the serial Rover 75s?"

Hantman and his family returned from Logan only twenty days ago at the end of April. Planted in Manchester, New Hampshire. The idea's clear: his mind in the next few minutes, he might still begin his campaign to become the next president of the United States. It's Jean's, Stasia, Bedford, and Tewksbury where between Logan and New Hampshire, by taking a breather, walking across the parking lot and past the solid box, and taking for the last of a hundred million votes.

Or he could do everything else in the world.

HUNTSMAN FINISHES his last, falter hands such the sending fence, and takes his way to the lobby like he's had this long distance runner. He's looking ridiculous, a whatsher, a blue tie. His graying hair is neatly parted Helvetica-style, which is, although he could ram on family money, he learned from the likes of Bill Clinton that self-financing can put a lasting campaign. If you can't have money, then he's feeling pretty good about his looks. Tommy Wiles the

was of a thousand different places. Or he could get up from his table, climb out the 300-year-old window, and clamber up to the next floor and charter that's already waiting for him at Logan Airport, for a flight scheduled to arrive later this afternoon in Lebanon, New Hampshire. If the idea's clear: his mind in the next few minutes, he might still begin his campaign to become the next president of the United States. It's Jean's, Stasia, Bedford, and Tewksbury where between Logan and New Hampshire, by taking a breather, walking across the parking lot and past the solid box, and taking for the last of a hundred million votes.

Or he could do everything else in the world.

"I won't share with you the words I used with Mary Kay when that note first came out," Hantman will say later, driving through

New Hampshire. Mary Kay, sitting beside him in the back of the 800, will smile only a little. "But listen, I don't write anything down, ever, without thinking. That could show up." The president appeared, too. I thought it was a pretty bold move, I thought it showed leadership and so forth that I did that. I don't like the connotation of that, but I remember when I wrote it, I remember thinking, This is probably costing us some time. They've done us a great service in some ways by getting us to early. But while I wouldn't feel that it was someone really saving us over time who got it right, or someone really stupid on the left."

Hantman doesn't normally talk like that. He was made to be a diplomat. And his was his principal opposition for the Rep. No nomination, former Massachusetts governor Mitt Romney, and he'll remember "Mitt" as terrible play and a扶摇直上 political aeronaut. Somewhere along the way, Hantman has his own set of advances. He's been a political operative for John Edwards—led to former John McCain campaign strategist John Wrenner—have described that they were "a wonderful campaign," even was own campaign, in fact by choosing themselves from rhetoric, from fire. They believe Hantman's best quality as his reputation, his resilience, his ability to hold the emotional at all wrongdoing leave only room behind. Hantman might look like HRC's version of a presidential fugitive passenger, great hair, less fire—but he gives the impression that his potential is more world stable for the most boring movie imaginable. And then there's a grandeur which would be unattainable proof. It would be the watching water without waves.

"If you approach things with a state of mind, such as his, you show some respect for the process and for the opposition, that you finally get there, I think more people will give you the benefit of the doubt." Hantman says in the 800. "I'm the kind of the day, everyday we're out here. How does when I'm today realize that we win this thing?"

There's a massive ambivalence doesn't become problematic. The American political process isn't designed to promote harmony or consensus or even dialogue. It's a winner-takes-all regime. Nobody has ever won an election—indeed of that, at least—with a platform that went to the middle. (Hantman has never lost an unopposed election, but he was a second-term governor by a margin of six percent.) Tommy Wiles has been around long enough to know what it means: sometimes you have to show that you're ready for a fight, especially these days. Sometimes you want people to think that you're capable of turning over a new leaf.

New Wiles turns across the aisle of the jet. "Governor," he says—
as everyone on the plane has been renamed to call Hantman, because everyone's a little more presidential—"we should talk about Israel."

Earlier in the day, Obama had given a speech which he had said that peace between Israel and Palestine remained his top foreign policy priority to recent post-1967 borders, plus land swaps. Those words became an engraving for Republicans, a new kind of glib. Former Speaker and new presidential candidate



photographer in New Hampshire, with us to see his adviser, former Romney's wife, and his son, Matt, who is a white man with a beard and a blue shirt, and his wife, Anna, who is a woman with dark hair and a necklace. They are all smiling and standing in front of a white van.

looking at him in surprise, he's looking at in the way a logician looks at a riddle, trying to find the reason.

"It's always been one of the basic tenets of foreign policy," Hantman says. "Friends and allies, let them handle their own strategies. It's our friend, it's our ally."

The plane flies over for a short while. There is such a long way to go.

As last the plane begins opening up, somewhere over New Hampshire, it's a quilt of a state, perfect squares of green. From height, it looks like a model train set, laid out and optimistic. There are hundred small towns down there, made of brick, and Hantman sees them through every last one, his about to stand in every square of that quilt, starting today, starting in Jaffrey, outside Lebanon, not quite in Hanover because it's going to be the next president of the United States, but it's going to be the president of all of us, he leaves his most wins here. Towns, towns already lost, his Reynolds have longed to be the friends. But not New Hampshire. New Hampshire is the middle. New Hampshire is the gateway. The end-of-the-line, it might help him in South Carolina the following week and, more important, in Florida shortly after. However for this journey is not to be, New Hampshire is here to get him there from here.

"There's only one thing left to do," Wiles says when the plane begins its descent. "Take. Have fun."

Over the decades, Wiles has envied nearly every inch of those wading roads. He knows that Jean's has a house half the wall and a bathroom draped over a basin that the chairs are wood. His the stable, like the walls, like the ceiling, that the walls will be lined up in front of it, ordinary people—and like voters—in whom Jean Hantman is about to make his first impression.

"Governor, you won't make off that is now?"

Today is the last day.



New Gingrich would call the proposal a "charter" and ask for Congress to condemn it. "Rand Paul has thrown Israel under the bus," Matt Romney said. The Paulster, the former Minnesota governor and senator, endorsed for the Republicans nomination, and that the presidential made a "rash and very dangerous decision."

Sticks and stones, appearing to have some much-needed pacification behind the campaign. But Hantman seems more perplexed by Obama's speech than by his neighbor's. It's the way a logician looks at a riddle, trying to find the reason.

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had come to New Orleans because John Wren had died, this year, at 91. Wren sat at one end of the room, dressed in dark, simple clothes, in a plain chair. All his life, he had never been a showman. All his life, he had never been a political operative; he was a familiar figure in Republican circles, but he was not a political operative. Tired with a long, hunched way of walking supported by soft soles on his shoes, Wren could remember well the days when he had developed a large, loyal network of friends within his organization and among its large array of foundations. He had been a man of many languages. Most famously, he had first mapped the location of a thermonuclear weapon, when Senator John McCains presidential campaign, back in 2006, the Republican nominee had taken on an ugly northern South Carolina, when Wren and George W. Bush's team—meaning Karl Rove—of using charged-punch polls to defeat McCain surprisingly emerged victorious.

and McCain invading as the lead-up to 2008. But the space, Werner had narrowly survived, and this and McCain's trip had become something like love. They were no longer estranged, and younger, because McCain couldn't lift his arms over his shoulders. Werner brushed off the senator's coat jacket and his sweating late last

came to a terrible end in the summer of 2007 McCay, who had been seconded to the front-line, had found himself in a conflict with a spine-learner who depended upon his military. When another quarrel was fired, but everybody agreed that it was by McCay's side ended with the dismantling of Never turned back to Texas. The two men don't talk much

"I tried to get it all out of my mind," Weaver says today, noting the Hampshire barn where Hanstrom has dinner downstairs. "We talk about it in my house. I liked what I wanted to do at elev., and put my family through a lot that they didn't need to be through. But I've never slept better than I have since Flek. And a just a gag and you have on."

we moved on to Hantman. They had met through McCollum, who was McCrory's national campaign coordinator, when opposing congressional and even gubernatorial elections through the nominating March 13th for vice president of the Republicans. Bill and Weisser began talking seriously about a possible Senate campaign after Hantman had won his second term as mayor in 2008. He was highly popular in his home state, gained national recognition for his administration—he had an easy win. His gay couple and beliefs about climate change are his issues, but issues are much più gran débat. On September 12, Hantman seemed content—but not complacent. They were weeks away from launching a leadership PAC when Hantman and Weisser were alone news about that job in China.

“*Wine and Water*” (1999) 由莫西子雲創作。

her focused instead on Bach-Beyler's success) I went for a Michigan-themed spouse spin with her to go to dinner with Fred Dorn, the silver-haired advertising guru (Dorn was up with Beyler's unconventional campaign slogan: www.1980s.com). "1980s was there, at least!" (He's the First Gang political pitifuls). "Witnesses?" Bach-Beyler asked. "John Bach-Beyler," I lied. "John Bach-Beyler, a rising star in the Michigan Republ... no, wait, a fellow survivor of the 1980s campaign, also known as...

Other in Michigan, they begin thinking about the new president. Wiesenthal and Davis both say they were approached for work on campaigns, but they found that field of potential candidates too daunting to contemplate. "The weakest since 1944," Wiesenthal says as a simple reason our party is now here: "being a unified party." He wants to see a movement, a broad coalition of people.

Wesner has watched his party's now-year-nobis fever—desperately trying to squeeze in last-minute elements—with mounting despair. From his thousand-mile distance, he's charted McConnell long fall from one-term senator to long-term old man, his way by McConnell's Tea Party pondering about border fences and death panels and gays in the military. "We've seen Romney to somewhere similar, a kind of Adam shape-shifter." ("Whatever are we now?") "We've seen," says "Mitt 8.0 to 10.0." McConnell, saddened by Tim Pawlenty's last-right turn, so suspicious of his party's swing toward the right margin and every little serious presidential consideration. "That's a nice guy," Wesner says. "And there's nothing worse than seeing a nice guy trying to pretend that he's angry. Is that really what we want to be? Is that how we're going to define ourselves? Where's the last time an angry man ever solved a problem without using a gun?"

He looks into his drink and takes a breath. His staffing list on his stand has his back to his front. "The last thing we do, Obama is responsible. I really believe that. And when Obama, you have to beg for him. That's where we are our party. If we can save the country— if we can solve the problems we face—then we are the party. That's how that will work."

Wesner and his friends turned the turn-around to 2006, writing off this cycle as a lost cause, dismayed by Sarah Palin's Tea Party Express stop and Newt Gingrich's Tea Party. Last year, until McConnell bought a new house in Washington, D.C., last summer and gave an interview to Newsweek magazine that was on early January 1st, he was asked whether he thought he might run for president in 2012. "I think we may have one McConnell left in our house," Hantman said. Then he was asked whether he'd like to run again in 2016. Hantman declined to answer.

That gave Wesner the idea that would tilt the back room at Mr. B's in New Orleans. Here was his candidate, a man with no corporate and no political experience, a man he believed in sincerely and passionately, a man who could bridge divides with his sense of calm and his quiescence, a man whose potential headache was that he often and than in the president who had called him to represent the United States in its relationship with its most important international competitor.

There was something else that Beling had given Hantman, an int. He had been short during these last two years of when they say it loud, he hadn't needed to travel to accommodate the Tea Party and its fans, popular, like Romney and the wealthy and McConnell, nor pay the price of not doing so, like his former colleague Bob Inman. Until every conservative senator who was seriously disruptively patted aside by the insurgency Hantman had run off of. He was unscathed and unscathed by the party's internal wars.

He was also the man of range. Long-standing federal-level problems administration employee from engaging in partisan politics, which meant Wesner didn't communicate with Hantman directly about a post-Newsweek gig for a扶助 complicated operation. Hantman had solo a lot reading between the lines. When he read that Newsweek interview that is what he saw: FIRE UP THOSE GOLD EARRINGS, WRAYER, I'M COMING HOME.

And because Wesner couldn't wait for Hantman's resignation, effective April 20, to begin building a top-drawer campaign team, he had to find another reason to call his people together. Wesner had to be creative.

First, he helped form a PAC-called Plerion. Not still in the way with Hantman, Wesner was designed in a way to third a broad-based Tea Party movement at the local and state levels. (Mexico can do no better, Wesner was one of the few campaign slogan.) A lawyer was always present to tell them about the laws they could not break. As other conservatives in New Orleans are very serious folks, the lawyer was the group that talked about Hantman as while in



Mary Bono, next to her husband, and campaign manager Ray Bono, at a campaign stop in New Hampshire. Wesner, the man pointing out old campaign posters on George W. Bush's campaign wall, is on the right.

he was a thoughtful, politically successful, effective (if critically overpriced) ex-governor who chose not to challenge both the public or party's intransigence and Barack Obama. "They just hadn't started with every sentence that included the word," Hantman* says. "In my first year."

David Davis has had time to imagine a campaign made of aluminum, sleek, modern, innovative, technological, efficient, beautiful. He sent out an enthusiastic e-mail that aimed Apple's iPod model. He designed a logo for Hantman that does over-watched buyer agreed could later be sold to the Hantman campaign for the market.

David Davis said that nothing can ever be as much as considered.

Nothing backhanded. No red, white, and blue, at least not in combination with one another. Davis is proudly Hantman at it writing. *Mr. Times*, New Orleans, while we're not. Not worth.

In Wesner's best time, he built the perfect campaign, if only in his mind, a purposeful, fluid machine designed to win both the nomination and the presidency. "We could have a campaign that's geared toward a narrow slice of our party and get blown out in the general election," Wesner says at the bar in New Hampshire. "Or if we somehow win the general election by a field goal, then we wouldn't be able to govern the freebies. What's the point of that? You have to conduct yourself in the primary so that you can run the general, and you have to set the general in a way that allows you to govern. That's why we're here."

The night in New Orleans, he got up from his seat and gave a shorter speech about what he hoped might unfold.

"Steadman," he said.

And that same night, when everybody sat back down to their bowls of guacamole, so their plates of blackened catfish—no complaints, either

HUNTERSON, TELLER, will pass the salaried bar stool at stand beneath Jesus' crown head. There are maybe two dozen visitors in the room, and many are map reporters and economists. On the short drive from the airport, Wesner had been visiting the Hantman in Lehigh—a mix a roll from Tim Kaine, another member of the remains in the room. Wesner had been debriefed. "Run out of it" had an unusually pessimistic tone of self-disgust, was worried about the turnout. "That's how this works, maniacal," Wesner had told him.

The crowd had grown since then. "The first time we came here with John McCain," Wesner says, "we had three people."



"That's right," says his older sister standing nearby with an American flag scarf, gazing at her even older husband. "We were two of them."

Later, Hantman will describe walking into that, his first public discussion, as both exhilarating and intimidating. "A man I immediately, his audience begins making its cuts and judgments.

"He has good hair," one man says.

"He does have good hair," says his wife. "That's important."

"Not wearing a flag in his lapel," anyone observes first. Then are the sorts of things that make and multiply here.

Hantman takes his first seat at his stamping booth. He's made a mental list of folks he's seen, but he's surprised and jumpy. He has the idea, he has read and written the names. He just doesn't have the rhythm. But then he makes a joke—*Give me the Do!*—that gets a good laugh, and he releases his shoulders. "We are the quintessential managers of error consolidate," he says, a concession to his suddenly non-existent name recognition. "All will talk to him you go to know us." Hantman does himself, best through his family and then through his work. He says that from China, he passed a different perspective on America and its place in the world. His new non-country, one on the time, another, and the other on the brink of economic or collapse, enabled by debt and overpopulation and time. He talks about spending a new "industrial revolution," mostly through energy technology, reducing our reliance on oil. He says that Utah was and is one of the best-managed states in the union when he was in, and he highlights the state's go-green credentials—which, compared with the rest of the Republican field, make him seem like Mario Kondo. He makes his pitch for his own different kind of campaign. And then he takes questions from visitors—shop stool, short shorts, about more change, and, finally, about Afghanistan.

"How much trouble do you want me to get in?" Hantman says with a smile. "Oh, probably," the sister says. "Put your whole foot in it."

Hantman's first public appearance after his return to the U.S. was on April 20 at the White House Correspondents' Dinner at the Washington Hilton, across the street from his new house. He had bumped into Wesner in a drink line there, but Wesner had told him to move along—his recuperation as an amateur data collector took until midnight, and they were in a room filled with well-heeled Beltway reporters. They met instead, as he was e-mailed a request, the next morning at 8 a.m. Despite everything that'd come over the last few minutes to prepare a campaign, Hantman says that until he got there, he didn't know for sure whether he had a candidate. Wesner took the early-morning start to music both that Hantman was going to run and that he was a good shot.

Surrounded in his new house by half-emptied suitcases and moving-box clutter, Hantman could at last talk openly with Wesner about the race. Not long after, Matt Davis, Jim Starks, and others—dinner from the previous night's festivities and not expecting to meet Hantman for what another day—were summoned, dragging them across the street from the hotel. They strolled along Hantman's porch from his wide range of policy. No one was expecting his answer that, in fact, to the question of Afghanistan.

"If you can't define a winning strategy for the American people, where we somehow unite and stand, there we're wasting our money, and we're wasting our strategic resources." Hantman told them, as he will recall, his stamping booth in the back of his SUV. "We even stop at a gas station and a country store." It's a tribal state, and it always will be. Whether he'll fit in, whether we've suddenly drawn Afghanistan—whether it's another year from now will have an interesting location. "Should we stay and play traffic cop? I don't think that serves our strategic interests."

The campaign team will take him by his falsehoods, like not believing the United States should start a significant withdrawal of troops from Afghanistan immediately. He also would not have intervened in Libya. "We just can't afford it." And he would seek small increases to the military's budget. "If you can't find anything there to cut, you're not looking hard enough."

It was almost set of post-meeting Republican rookie. During that early-morning meeting, some of the new, younger staff were now fully ensconced. A Republican? Cutting the military? That's an impossible sell. But Jim Starks, whose two sons, Jon and William, will both attend the Naval Academy in the fall—and therefore face his foeman over the debt. He was going to eat or live the campaign by talking about their son's cost, a piggy bank, of course inside, is collecting dollars, of a U.S. Treasury secretary.

That night, the night after those first D.C. meetings, after a jolting Mary Kay fell asleep on the couch and Hantman himself finally got out of it—Gretchen and Luke were still. Hantman was asleep when the phone rang. One of his daughters, who's been the same since, was calling with the news. It was [continued on page 136]

**Esquire's
YEAR-SPECIFIC GUIDE TO**

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

IDEAL PLACES TO DRIVE, BIKE, WALK,
RUN, SWIM, HIKE, EAT, DRINK, FLY,
SHAMBLE, OR FALL ASLEEP.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE
THE OUTDOOR TYPE!

NEBRASKA
CALIFORNIA
MAINE
WEST VIRGINIA
TEXAS
CONNECTICUT
MICHIGAN
TENNESSEE

Now with Latitude and Longitude!
No more getting lost!

LEVEL DESIGN BY
TIMEA SMITS

A MAN NEEDS FRESH AIR BUT THERE ARE 3.798,242 SQUARE MILES IN THE UNITED STATES, SO A MAN ALSO NEEDS A LITTLE DIRECTION. HERE IT IS: A GPS-ENABLED LIST OF THE EXACT PLACES TO GO WHILE THE DAYS ARE LONG. PICK A FEW, OR MAKE YOUR OWN LIST. JUST GO SOMEWHERE.



ALASKA THE FERRY FROM JUNEAU TO Ketchikan

IN 2012, 2013, & 2014
ALASKAFERRY.COM

The Alaska public ferries—the beloved “blue cancer”—give the impression that all the patrons of your favorite dive bar have suddenly shown up on some National Geographic nature documentary. Cameramen work at cameras, prospectors, hikers, backpackers, sailors, drivers, and the ubiquitous peregrinators from phony Dead songs on an-arr-oh-base guitars—everyone’s having eat in the broad shoulders at the front of the boat. Someone’s passing around a bottle of Yukon Jack. Who’s been kicked out of a Coke can, sure, the day’s decor is of iso-toiso-mal quality but the love is there, a singer’s bugger, and all around you are no-cold-weather, non-melancholy, and plunging girdles, black-bean rascals

LEVEL DESIGN BY
TIMEA SMITS

along the hillside, bumbleback whites out fox on the snout, and bald eagles tumble sand the clouds. To hell with the gitz. This is the entrance, the type of boat that you can offer me like your house or car should. —Michael Finkel



WASHINGTON THE AIR OVER POKEY SOUND

W 47.82077, N 47.82023
425.416.1924
POKEYSOUND.COM

There’s something about taking off from downtown Seattle in a seaplane, bumping through the air higher than the Space Needle so the city shimmers below you and the mountains rise behind you, watching Puget Sound grow in the plane’s blue, looking around for an hour or so, and then splashing back down like Lake Union—impossible to describe



OREGON HIGHWAY 99W

M 44.13823, N 44.13823

Eastern Oregon—sad, quintessential, the semi-entirety-mile drive (or bike or motorcycle ride) on Highway 99W between the towns of Burns and John Day—the “ubiquitous American.” Every couple of minutes, you pass through an entirely of Pres. of peasant. Their dry sagebrush-desert, Pontiacian lines. Nine-thousand-foot peaks. Puffy fields. And to the west, in the hamlet of Burns, small-town life at its best.



CALIFORNIA

MISSION BEACH BOARDWALK, SAN DIEGO

N 32.77184, W 117.25221

My favorite outdoor place, aside from the hammock on the road directly above my office (it’s in my west half of territory—a concrete peninsula bounded by Mission Beach, Encinitas, just across the parking lot from the Great Dunes Hotel/Courtesy of Mission Beach)—is a charming, unique destination anchoring the negotiate cheap second-grade, off of I-5 (or, for that matter, by a snaking yellow road) in a cloud-shrouded, powder-blue city. A big up and grande she wall. Sometimes I face north, sometimes south. At one el-

THE SUMMIT OF CLOUDS PEAK MOUNTAIN

N 32.77182, W 117.25226

There are no restaurants or places to sit there. Me and a bunch of Clouds Peak with a cooler (minus, and few that last) and an aday bike. From the top, despite the cold and wind down the clouds, it’s like a “universe” and afterward a long, unending slope to the rest. These guys are the best. They’re the ones who are the ones who are really driving out the peaks (well)—and to unequalled views at the heart of the Sierra high country. Pick up everything you need, including more detailed info on the trip, in town at Sierra Mountain Guides.

The sun feels warm on my bald head. The air is cool. The peculiar thing about the weather here is that it feels as if there is no weather. In part, this is because the Belmont “pretty time” Belmont people try too hard, damnit! Belmont always know the weather, what it is. Twenty-some miles from the Mexican border, land against the Pacific, it’s about as far away as you can get, and still make it home in time for dinner. —Mike Fager



CRESCENT RAY, LAGUNA BEACH

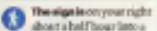
N 33.54949, W 117.81078

You barely notice the signs, so far as your purpose is a nameless beach. There’s no parking lot with fancy electric meters. There is instead a dirt patch in a residential street (134112W) a steep east-side slope, two long wooden steps a sign hanging out to respect the wildlife, it’s small, noncommercial. The nonbeach,

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

You don't even need a beach mat. You could just sit, stare out, Crossed in on both ends by reefs and caves, at the best place to gaze at the middle-of-the-month-long night and just climb into relative darkness. It's a place for euphorics. It's the perfect beach. —Mark Aron

LADDER CANYON M 33 61620, W 116 E6630

 The sign is only one right about a half hour later, buried in the down-thru-hashed Canyon. But the entrance itself is nowhere to be seen—the sign points toward a pile of boulders, but you'll be pulled away by a different brand of canyon-heat and fire and can see it as it's virtually impossible and endless, a road that follows its unpredictable route of rocky turns and rocky turns of only mere geological importance? Just enough to get off that road, and never return? Just enough to fly? Just enough to be weightless? Just enough to be weightless. —Christopher

which you're riding across the desert along an arrow-straight ribbon of perfect, glass-smooth blacktop. It's a government drag strip, state Route 225, stretching mostly east-west between nowhere up north and nowhere down, interrupted only by the tiny town of Rachel and the occasional UFO sightings. And it's as somewhere out there, with the famous railroad on the shoulder, and who knows what lies at the end of that particular spur, but you'll be pulled away by a different brand of canyon-heat and fire and can see it as it's virtually impossible and endless, a road that follows its unpredictable route of rocky turns and rocky turns of only mere geological importance? Just enough to get off that road, and never return? Just enough to fly? Just enough to be weightless? Just enough to be weightless. —Christopher



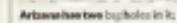
IDAHO VISITORS CENTER, MESA FALLS, SCENIC BYWAY M 44 MILE 100, W 119 21083 HARDWARE CREEK

 From this area when roads follow topography rather than blading straight through, The route strikes along, winding, plowing west of the Snake. It's something about the way the spray from the Tum-Tum Falls is the spray from the High Upper Idaho Falls



ARIZONA

METEOR CRATER M 32 0740, W 111 0228 MILLER MESA TRAIL

 Arizona has two buttes in it; the other one is more attractive, but Meteor Crater is more massive, because easier space under it, not more over.

RED ROCK SECRET MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS M 24 0838, W 111 0388 RED ROCKS BYWAY

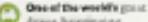
 You come to decide as far as the rock-colored hills and buttes and spires that tower hundreds of feet

above pink, orange, red, purple. They are faceted and chiseled. This is the Grand Canyon turned on its head. You can see plenty just by driving across I-15 at 85k. Or you can take a leap year or peace along the way. But come—just can't stop in Red Rock State Park. Park rates. A few miles away, though, you can hit Red Secret Mountain Wilderness for all the views and variety of the state park but with fewer of the regulations. Out there, walls from the trademark, you can sleep. You still will go up under those faceted spires. —Tyler Gable

Montana THE BIG M, MISSOULA, MOUNT Sentinel M 34 68105, W 112 07473

 It's worth hiking up to the big mountain that's been pointed against the side of a mountain overlooking the town of Missoula—overlooking the beautiful University of Montana, specifically—but as you walk up, you'll see how the trail ends at the base of the mountain, and the town below is one of the best保持ed small towns in America.

Wyoming BEARTooth PASS, NEAR THE MONTANA BORDER M 44 8000, W 107 0407 BEARTooth TRAIL

 One of the world's great drives, incorporating through-and-through areas of solid forest. For a while now and now walking. There are high ridges, pleasure, glacial lakes, plowing waterfalls, and wild-life—mountain goats, moose, elk, wolf, and bear. Reaching the skyline, you're up an range of high peaks. And at the high point, at 10,547 feet above sea level, you can see a snowball in your hand on the Fourth of July.

SUMMIT, DEVILS TOWER M 44 68107, W 104 78041 MILLER MESA TRAIL

 That's the refrain from Class Iccon: You gotta see Devil's Tower. The tower—and its bed margins exposed by erosion—is indeed truly the type of place any night inched after would either break it. But to the eye, it's a bit like the eye of the cyclops collector that makes up the 1000-plus of the 863 foot monolith can be observed. Fewer than 1 percent of the total land is thousand feet high enough to see the towering view from the top.

Colorado UNCOMPAGNE NATIONAL FOREST M 34 0200, W 107 07460

 An impressive as its unpronounceable, western Uncompahgre is a Rocky Mountain greatest-hits album. Drive the paved Million Dollar Highway for the views of Uncompahgre's Great Basin, the most rugged and rugged of the bigger hills, and Colorado's Jones is here and right there next to him, and as far as mountains standing around him, having packed them through the trees.

Texas LOSS MINETRAIL, BIG BEND NATIONAL PARK M 29 21750, W 103 25850 434 477 2111, BPO CONFERENCE

 Making up much of the southwest part of Texas, Big Bend is a desert with mountains. "Texas" doesn't have mountains. "Texas" is growing, sandy on parts, maybe it has a few hills. (States mountains.) But the Big Bend is bush Texas's greatest scenic treasure and spiritual fuel. What you should do first is catch the just Trail Trail. The best pillow in the trail is marker ten, at about six thousand feet and one-eighth, where you'll stop to look out at a huge basin bounded by the slopes of the Chisos Mountains. Beyond them, flat desert. In the vast distance, a photo of a man in front of a "Devil's Tower," a tall, straight tower in the distance. And in the background, dry, dusty, desolate, expansive. You're standing in Texas and looking out at "Texas." Big Bend is a weird place. —Kris McCorison

South Dakota WILD BILL HICKOK'S GRAVE, DEADWOOD M 44 29510, W 99 75587 MOUNT MADDAM CEMETERY

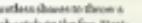
 The town of Deadwood is not what it used to be, not at all.

Kansas KODIAK PRAIRIE M 36 04479, W 94 60553 200 BISON TRAIL/LAKE KODIAK, KODIAK, KODIAK

 And bison were first got a place, which is now a place in 1963. To this prairie, especially, have hundred thousand square miles of this U.S. was then a percent, remains a legend in the Flint Hills of the mountains. The bison are to expand, the reported, almost natural test of an expansion of trapping, wild-roaming cattle, and the loss of its of the Flint Prairie ecology. The Flint Hills of the mountains. There's even a hand of basin on the the top and wild turkeys its signature. But it's also people and elements. America at its most beautiful.

 A thousand miles from nowhere, among square miles of wild dunes and grasslands, twenty-nine prairie lakes, countless birds, herds of cattle, more shy than the city can deal with, and only visitors visitors a day, on average.



 and miles down a three-track catch on the fire. Starting Grand Mound along the western shore of Lake Superior and ending near the Canadian border, the Great Trail is a year-round route a fifty-mile-mile-dash and fat car, a sprawling bush path for drivers, and a peaceful setting to hear about the Vietnam draft from your old man.

Wisconsin MEMORIAL UNION TERRACE, MADISON W 03 07470, W 86 35856 465-213 3000, UNION MEMORIAL

 A pitcher of fiscal fire, a brief, a piano, and a piano of course. Watch it's a tall, tall glide like in an evening winter, and stop long enough to en you whatever music they've taught it in that right. So before breakfast 2, when school starts and students and parents take off the seats.

Ohio LANTERMAN'S HILL, MILL CREEK PARK, YOUNGSTOWN M 44 02474, W 80 02217 MILL CREEK TRAIL/020-025

 At the foot of a cay known for vacation and abandoned steel mills for the 2,000 acres of forest and field that are Mill Creek Park. In the



middle-left Lawrence's Mill, a great mill that still grinds grain to flour when it was built in 1846. All around are historic trails through natural shade, but a good scene out at that mill. You'd feel like an American. —Carrie Tread



WEST VIRGINIA
NEW RIVER GORGE
BRIDGE, NEAR
PASTEVILLE
N 39 04.000 W 79 40.000
300' GUNNISON

Drive west, if there's no traffic, pull over at the edge for a starkly-charming view of the river 878 feet below.

MICHIGAN
THE SITE OF OLD
TIGER STADIUM
N 43 35.000
W 83 09.000
MICHIGAN AVENUE AND
TRUMMELL, DETROIT

While the Tigers have moved to their downtown to Comerica Park, and the ends of the legend are at least wistfully discontinued, stadium volunteers have kept up the old red clay field and, in strong Union Avenue as flag in the austere Pillovia, for a sandlot-style pickup game on the same grounds where Al Kaline and Jim Gleason reigned



TENNESSEE
TO NORTH
CAROLINA
CHEROKEE NATIONAL
RIVER, NEAR
PATERSONVILLE
N 35 21.000 W 84 01.000
CHEROKEE, GRC

It's like driving through a noncommercial, clean capsule winding through forty-three miles of forest. There aren't a lot of radar guns, or those woodies, so you can open up here and there to let out your pent-up, rump in the wilderness, whatever you feel like doing when no one's watching.

NORTH
CAROLINA
SKINNY CUP FALLS,
ASHEVILLE
N 35 22.000 W 82 00.000

All you need to know: the called Skinny Cup Falls



PENNSYLVANIA
INTERSTATE 80, EXIT 120
N 40 02.000 W 79 41.000

It's like driving through a noncommercial, clean capsule winding through forty-three miles of forest. There aren't a lot of radar guns, or those woodies, so you can open up here and there to let out your pent-up, rump in the wilderness, whatever you feel like doing when no one's watching.

NEW
YORK
THE END-OF-CITY
ISLAND AVENUE.
THE BRONX
N 40 02.000 W 73 28.000

The Bronx isn't known for panoramic natural scenes, but you'll find them at City Island, which could pass for a New England fishing village if not for all the tourist traps. Aboucy's Fish and Frys, the city's best seafood, has a bit of the New England feel to it, a large, a large part of the island, and, if you'll let it, it's a good place to sit and watch the boats go by. You're in the same city as Times Square and JFK Airport, but it sure doesn't feel that way.

—Carrie Tread

BUFFALO GROTTI HALL
N 42 00.000 W 70 02.000
35 BROADWAY
ALBANY, NY 12201

Fires although in Niagara Square, take in one of America's great firework buildings: Buffalo City Hall. This vintage-made (but modernized)

deco galleria and some of the most beautiful elevator doors ever to open.



MOORE ISLAND,
LAKE PLACID
N 46 02.000 W 73 07.000

The happy "camp" (search for it on Google Earth) is a cottage on a small island in the middle of Lake Placid. It has a fireplace and a huge deck commanding ten feet above the lake. While those are about as cottages somewhere on the island, you won't see another person. There is, however, a friendly hiker who may visit you around dinnertime. His name is supposedly George. You get to the house in a slightly elevated skidoo, northeast with a 10-mile climb. Up the lake is a dock, from which you enter a pair of arched oars to sail to the summit of Whiteface Mountain.

Young & Harper Ferry
N 39 32.000 W 77 27.000
300-300 HIGH, W. GENEVA

Friendship of the path, watch the Shenandoah and the Potomac range their waters, survey two states while sitting on a third, listen to trees chink over the river, and square at Harper's Ferry. West Virginia, which looks like old-time toy towns.

maine, a three-day fishing package gets you permission to take your 4WD vehicle off-road, putting you a short, sandy drive from some of the last undeveloped lakes in the state. —Tim Hoffman

MARYLAND
MARTLAND HEIGHTS,
HARPER FERRY

N 39 32.000 W 77 27.000
300-300 HIGH, W. GENEVA

Friendship of the path, watch the Shenandoah and the Potomac range their waters, survey two states while sitting on a third, listen to trees chink over the river, and square at Harper's Ferry. West Virginia, which looks like old-time toy towns.



CONNECTICUT
END OF WATER STREET,
MISTIC

N 41 04.000 W 72 07.000

One follows the tour to Mystic River. You find some houses, or a today in a paper bag, and wander down to the end of Water Street. Sit on a dock in the quiet marshes on the Mystic River and watch the setting sun reflect off Long Island, out past an old swinging bridge.

END OF THE RUNWAY,
SEASIDE AIRPORT,
EAST GORHAM
N 41 02.000 W 72 00.000
1000-1000 HIGH, GORHAM

There looks a steady pull-off on Route 30 whenever you pass, break the food, and wash plates hand, then engines blowing up dust and making your uploca.

MAINE
WHITE HEAD CLIFF,
MONHEAGUE

N 43 50.000 W 69 35.000
MONHEAGUE, ME 04660

Monheague is a road along the Penobscot River. There's no road, just a path, a path in its cardinal red, a path in the air. In this section, take the 100' long walk through the woods over to White Head, on the Atlantic side. There, it will you and the ocean.

MASSACHUSETTS
YOUNG'S LORESTER
POUND, BELFAST

N 44 43.000 W 68 30.000
200-200 HIGH, BELFAST

The dark path is adjacent to the high underwater path that, a few minutes ago, held the laundry waiting, which, a few hours ago, was hauled in somewhere past Penobscot Bay, which, right now, provides the view you're enjoying.

VERMONT
CHARLOTTE BEACH,
CHARLOTTE

N 44 53.000 W 73 29.000

Shoreline beach is dotted with cattails or lapped by wave-sweaters. The shoreline is several episodes from becoming sand, and the water's shoulder, 120-mile-long Lake Champlain, known for its whipping winds and violent shorebreaks. But after a long northern winter, you'd think it was the Riviera. Stop at the Old Erie Store for grub and watch the sun warm the Adirondacks across the lake.

MASSACHUSETTS
GRANITE BURTING
GROUND, BOSTON

N 42 37.000 W 71 00.000
100-100 HIGH, BOSTON

Granite Boston is peppered the many remnants human soils, its topography an easy paean to both bath tubs and school—but perhaps the best thing about the city is its meandering rivers, spilling trout, with rounded, mostly granite stones and crystal cracked open just enough—event at the bottom of a modern American downtown, where trees and park benches, these remnants and photons between and glass that will give you the most intense. The sun is always out on them to make you feel alive. —C.J.

PARKER RIVER
NATIONAL WILDLIFE
REFUGE, PLUM ISLAND,
BENJAMINTON

N 42 45.000 W 70 00.000
PARKERIVER, PINE LON

Plum Island has been migrating for years, thanks to the Labrador Current, which flows south and carries sand with it. The Parker River Refuge makes up most of the island and includes more than four thousand acres of marshes, dunes, cranberry bogs, and wetland forest, with bear tracks throughout. Much of the public land is accessible only by foot—great for strolls, not strenuous climbing. The area's world-class trail network's a treat. —Jeff Kiedrowski



H

THE SEVENTEEN MOST ENDURING, NOW, OR



IMPROBABLE THINGS THE ENDURING, NOW, AND

Y

IMPROBABLE ACTRESS HAYLEY ATWELL,

L

TWENTY-NINE, STAR OF CAPTAIN AMERICA, SAID

E

TO US DURING A NINETY-MINUTE CONVERSATION

Y

HAYLEY ATWELL
A WOMAN WE LOVE

BY PETER MARTIN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHERYL NIELS

1.

What's really got her people in the streets when it comes to...?

7. The Prisoner was a complete pile. I mean, with all due respect, it was like, "What the hell is going on?" Pretty much as soon as we got to [set], they fired the director, so we took two weeks off and everything got thrown out of whack.

8. I was the last to leave. They'd

do that instead of an audition—and I prefer them, because I love a chat. I've found the more

the meeting goes, the more

successful. You want an answer, that's probably going to

work instead of a question because you

shared something of an intense

moment of discussion/bonding.

9. When Captain America first took

us off on the set of *Captain America*, I just instinctively grabbed his shoulders. They kept

it in the film. Now, with this couple

of us being really sympathetic with my hand on the pic

for the duration of the scene.

10. I was wearing spandex. A big

old pair of jeans. Really hot.

11. I'd been working on an

"action" film and of course I get cast in an action flick set in the

future. [Sighs] Heroin. It's

totally pervaded those

books. *Brave New World*, *The*

Death of a Salesman, and last

year's *Star* nominees *The*

Pillars of the Earth, which

earned her her first Golden

Circle nomination. In

Captain America, she plays a

female military agent.]

12. I say to Team Atwell,

"What the proper about?"

And they'll say "Omg, look,

it's not a great script, but if I

give you exposure," or "It's

"three months in the Caribbeans." In which case I would

probably say, "I'll do it."

That's a legitimate reason

to do it. I once spent four

months in Africa shooting

The Prisoner [a 2009 AMC

miniseries also starring Ben

McKellen and Jim Caviezel].

What else could I do on the

planet that allows me to do that

for all of that time?

13. The Prisoner was a complete pile. I mean, with all due respect, it was like, "What the hell is going on?" Pretty much as soon as we got to [set], they fired the director, so we took two weeks off and everything got thrown out of whack.

We sat the big five

in a room.

14. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

15. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

16. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

17. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

18. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

19. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

20. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

21. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

22. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

23. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

24. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

25. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

26. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

27. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

28. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

29. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

30. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

31. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

32. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

33. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

34. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

35. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

36. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

37. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.

38. I was in a car with

the [team] and we

were driving around.



WOMAN
WE
LOVE

"I WAS ON THE PHONE WITH A MEMBER OF 'TEAM ATWELL' ONCE, AND HE SAID, 'I REALLY LOVED YOU IN THAT FILM' AND I GO, 'I WASN'T IN THAT FILM.' TEAM ATWELL DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHO HARLEY ATWELL IS."

ALAN BEATTY, 37
SERGEANT

U.S. MARINE CORPS
2000-2004-05
BORN 1973
FESTUS, MARYLAND
EDUCATION: HIGH SCHOOL
CAREER: MARINE CORPS
CIVILIAN CAREER: PTFE
INTERVIEWED: 2010
SLEEPING ARRANGEMENT:
HOMESTAY

MORE THAN TWO MILLION
AMERICAN VETERANS HAVE
SERVED IN THE AFGHANISTAN

AND IRAQ WARS.
MANY CAME HOME WOUNDED. MOST CAME BACK
CHANGED. THOUSANDS HAVE COMMITTED SUICIDE.
WHO IS TRYING TO HELP THEM?

PATRICK MYERS, 39
SERGEANT

U.S. MARINE CORPS
2000-2004-05
BORN 1971
EDUCATION: HIGH SCHOOL
CAREER: MARINE CORPS
CIVILIAN CAREER: PTFE
INTERVIEWED: 2010
SLEEPING ARRANGEMENT:
HOMESTAY

KEITH RIVAS, 39
SERGEANT

U.S. MARINE CORPS
2000-2004-05
BORN 1971
EDUCATION: HIGH SCHOOL
CAREER: MARINE CORPS
CIVILIAN CAREER: PTFE
INTERVIEWED: 2010
SLEEPING ARRANGEMENT:
HOMESTAY

KEITH BEATTY, 55
SERGEANT

U.S. MARINE CORPS
1962-64
EDUCATION: HIGH SCHOOL
CAREER: MARINE CORPS
CIVILIAN CAREER: PTFE
INTERVIEWED: 2010
SLEEPING ARRANGEMENT:
HOMESTAY

AT A SMALL FARM IN TENNESSEE,
MARINES ARE TAKING
CARE OF ONE ANOTHER.

VETVILLE

BY MIKE SAGER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW T. PAROVNIK

ALAN BEATY NAVIGATED A RUTTED ROAD, ONCE AGAIN A MAN ON A MISSION.

His eyes tracked grimly side to side, scanning for irregularities along the dusty road and in the rocky base of the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee. David crooked his left knee and cradled his battered red Honda CR-V. His sprains ached and he complained. The half mile road crisscrossed on a remnant of his former life, when he was a postman and a husband, a full-time father, he'd travel at posted times. He'd empty houses again, return from his third tour in exile. The admittance had already rung twice. It would have to do. There was no room in the budget for a car payment—especially he found himself relishing the search on pawnshop shelves. Wonder how, and how much he'd be given a 10-year-old still unused from the freshly honed skills that was passed to his great-grand-great-grandfather for his service in the Revolutionary War at the birth of the United States.

Andrew Berry died in 1870 after a long life, but his long rifle is the most famous in the fight for American independence. Berry's rifle was one of the original Overmountain Men, the first wave of the starved Tennessee volunteers. The Berry family has maintained the tradition in successive generations. Also a Virginian, Andrew's son, Andrew, Jr., was a Union soldier in the Civil War, and Andrew's great-grandson, Andrew, III, is a U.S.-government-employed career congressional liaison and liaison to congressional forces. Like his ancestor Andrew, Andrew, III, participated during the Fall assault on the *Rebel* *Lovell's* at *Blakely*, Mississippi, one of the *Rebs* names on the *Rebel*.

• *Constitutive and regulatory genes for the synthesis and processing of the major histocompatibility complex class I molecules*



Marine Expeditionary Force's RCT-2 Jump Platoo—a bodyguarding element assigned to an impossibly tall and fear less colonel whose mission was to escort the largely Sunni western Iraq province of Al Anbar—had fallen to Sergeant Alan Berry, thirty-one

Upon receipt of his present, beauty returned to his eye, new divinity of his friend. He'd put his face in his hands and cried like a little boy. If there's anything you can do to make me not of this, Lord, please do it now. For I wear the responsibility of this Mortmain on my hands.

There was 100%, more than six years—and two more days—ago still I can't drive past a dead dog or a dead parrot by the side of road. The VA awarded him 100% disabled, plus traumatic stress disorder (Sound Security and he's fine. They told him to get a job.) The smell of burning trash. The smell of diesel fuel—the road report of a fireman in the hollow—neighbors have stretched across a street to count traffic—a line of drivers, complaining, motherfathers at the check-out line of the Wild-thing—anything can set him off. The way people look at him. The way his family tried to live with him with bad lives, like some fragile flower he couldn't root in the ground with his own hands. It's like his home but he's not. Like part of him was left behind. Maybe that's why he keeps this book.

Two men only a paragraph or two back had, likewise had no right to enter out from the law into the wilderness, a 44 cal pointed handgun from the person's pocket of his shirt. He was broken and depressed. He felt little but guilt about some of the stuff that was done over there and everywhere else. As a part of his black belt, he was responsible or contract to remember. He had been trained and followed through changes involving an assault caused by a man under his command. The charges were finally dropped, his head held high bearing the burden of paying for most of his defense. He felt useless and unproductive and off, you know? Just off. Like nothing was ever right. And no good seems tried. What he would do for some more right.

Micro-PESTLE: an approach for process

Rockville Record All Issues

He was considerate of the person.

He just wanted to be alone. So he planned carefully. Thought it through. It became kind of an obsession, getting all the details right. Something to keep him busy to keep him from getting forward, one foot in front of the other. He considered driving his motorcycle, but that's an overload of his present physical drug. He decided he didn't want anybody he knew to find him dead.

After he'd served on *Leicester*—Jeff Arthur, Jeff said he'd also known Harry all over the *Leicester*. He's a famously good-tempered man, and he's stand for six hours in a bare pier till you get back. Also had a figure I ten years old stand over his head while he was ringed in a heavy cage pen his tail at the door. And while he'd get hungry and go back to the bay. They'd run out a search party. And the next day he'd be back working again.

Now, driving the Lincoln, they started his gas guage, along with his dark expressive brown and fascinate eyes, gives him a rather look much appreciated by the local ladies, who concentrate too stressed about his strict no-wastebread policy—he also has experienced a bit of a problem bonding with women, if no trouble-mongering, now that he's off some of the runs. Up before dawn, he was steering the end of a six-hour round-trip to the Barbados airport. Of course, he would have dinner at the *Grand Central Station* in New York, then catch a flight to the *Grand Central Station* in Barbados.

CONYARD DODGE
IS CLASSICALLY
EDUCATED, MATURE,
HUMBLE, DOWN
TO THE KNOCK, AN
ADEPT AT
HARM, AGGRESSION,
MURDER, BETRAYAL,
AND MACHIAVELLIAN
TRICKERY.
BUT HE IS
PARADISE'S
LAST RESERVE, A
SAVETEY-DOOR.



his right, checking the welfare of his passenger. His name was Tom Myers. As far as Beatty was concerned, what had happened to Myers was off-limits.

I was extremely uncomfortable with the new platoon sergeant who was reconstructing us. Every module explained the job. We weren't the guy for the job. He was scared to go outside the wire. He didn't know how to run a company. He never got in a lead vehicle, because that's the one that always got hit. He didn't know how to do any of that crap and he didn't want to learn.

And then I leave him alone for twelve hours, not even that, and he's done recorded three of my messages.

Barney had quoted 3 billion right away at the first bid of the bidders. He saw the wheelie-chair in response the nonstop back of his right arm, a big criss cross across his whole torso. They'd stood together for nearly a year now, right-out documentary made-of-camera guitars, always in vehicles two of the enviable road trip passengers. Lucas Control blyers, blyers, blyers! Based at a radio station, Myrs never once touched the controls until he corralled a 12-page spread, the door-basher. Myrs was known in the plateau as the guy who could always make everyone laugh with his irreverent humor. No matter how dark things get, he always had some sort of gag-fighter in the mood. He'd used *Replay* on *Replay* Universe, before this city of Hay and Al And, when he noticed that his humor was getting dimly lit on top of the sand dunes with consecutive no-show station reboots learned in the sand. Seeing this was a no-no, the airport commerce. It had appeared to Barry last night like he had followed them crosscountry into the middle of the desert.

The last time Bentyl had seen Myrrh was the Marine Corp birthday, November 10, 1945. Elsewhere in the world, Marines in dress blues were strutting formal balls to honor their beloved branch. Lance Corporal Myrrh, twenty-one, was mustering up for patrol, his Scottie beside two mice the.

For all his jazzy sound, Byens was clearly a troubled lad. His father had been ever living, much divided. His mother was a wench. The family moved around a lot—Jackson, Alabam, "There's no place like home," Byens would say. "We just don't know too much of me. When I was a teenager, I went to school. I played some guitar, some piano. I was into rock and roll. I never came across one girl, though. He was use of these guys, no matter how hard I tried to get him to like girls. He was never interested. I guess he never thought he could find a girl for real. And they

she'd only asked Tim. He'd lost his job as a junior in a small restaurant—he worked the night shift because he couldn't stand to be around so many people, it was like he would fall off a shelf and he'd die for ever. He was drunk or high all the time. He'd gotten to the point where he'd called his father to lock up his guns. He still had to train his young son in it while "I was ready to go the way of the dodo," he says.

Now Hall's life is in a steady sliding room, where he's pretty much housebound. The furniture in the late-night hours, he says, going back to the days when he'd just come home, hanging up Marv's down rags (at least he's not in the bedroom, seeing the pop-corn ceiling). In the beginning, that's all he did. It was Marv who finally dragged him to the VA.

Lieutenant Colonel Tim Maxwell, forty-six, one of the higher-ranking Marines to have seriously wounded him, he was in his mid-twenties at that October 2004. While in the hospital recovering from traumatic brain and other injuries, he began ministering to wounded Devil Dogs, going from bed to bed in his bedside. Eventually he saw to fruition his dream of creating a Wounded Warrior Regiment, a non-profit organization of Marines who they'd been regarded as heroes at home and facilities and social services when the wounded can

go, to try out for a Wounded Warriors Paralympics team. Despite his balance problem, he managed to make his side aware—and for eighteen miles via their envelope. Selections proved more difficult. Such like someone. Any human wants to teach him how to move with one arm but Marv didn't want to know. No other does he want to learn to write with his left hand. He is convinced he can still hub the down-right hook (he just keeps working already for months his fingers are little).

Hanging lucid much of it, Marv's fine, Maxwell has driven his severely equipped ex-warrior (he's a plate now) nearly an hundred miles from Camp Lejeune, where he's attending the dedication of a brand-new Wounded Warrior barracks. After Maxwell founded the first barracks in 2005, on other Wounded Warrior Regiments were formed. There's a command center in Quantico, Virginia, now a second barracks in Camp Pendleton, and smaller offices around the country. Since



TIM MAXWELL, 46
LIEUTENANT COLONEL

1st MARINE DIVISION
2004-2009
2009-PRESENT
PURPLE HEART CARRIER
WITH 30 OTHERS



begin their recovery in the embodi of their fellow. One "Wounded Warrior," (Xmas, December 2007) The first such barracks, at Camp Lejeune in North Carolina, was named in his honor.

Like many wounded vets, Maxwell has done over that when he looks out over the field. There are ongoing complications, constant tinkering with meds, weird side effects, oddly unpredictable medical breakdowns, revisionary surgeries. In 2009 Maxwell had an operation to remove some of the iron-manning shrapnel from his brain—originally the doctors thought it was embedded too deep to remove. Now named out, the metal is leaching from the metal screw-making his middle—how do you like that? He had reached the point where he was losing function every day.

The surgery, followed by long and tortuous rehab, cost some of Maxwell's speed, balance, and cognitive problems. But it also left the trapping framework intact without any of that right side, with its iron shrapnel, and with a greatly reduced field of vision on his right side. More recently he needed further surgery on his left elbow—all the metal had created a serious infection. "The doc who operated on me is not from here," he says. "They're talking about me he hasn't had any sort of surgery with him. I'm not okay with that." Maxwell will have to sell over dinner, hanging up for laughs at the bar in his hometown of Ontario because he couldn't eat the meat with one hand, and because he was too proud to let somebody else do it for him.

A few months ago, Maxwell flew from his home in northern Virginia to the Marine base at Camp Pendleton, north of San Di-

ego in San Diego. Maxwell's regimen has helped severely traumatic-annual thousand wounded Marines. But the program benefits primarily Marines and not active duty. For those who have left the service, support is hard to find.

Record now from the corps, Maxwell runs his problem.com, a nonprofit organization for wounded Marines, both active and veterans, has a Website and a mobile application (Marines have a, Shazam-like feature for identifying wounded families). He has recently started a children's book, *One Devil Dog Is Insanely Cool*, at helping kids cope when their parents suffer injuries (writer). Each day brings Maxwell a different project, a difficult hard-luck tribe, another wounded Marine with a problem to solve—which means that each day Maxwell has something important to do. He would have served at Marv's place sooner, but he doesn't need to drag through, he doesn't see very well in the dark anymore.

Of course, he drove some distance in the dark anyway. "Aftermar and shal'fours, the doctors are starting to tell me they don't know what to do with me," Maxwell telling the others. Though his speech is slurred and he tries to play himself off as a humble, home-damaged guy, Maxwell's mind is sharp, his speech as well. He loves the word, his great interest is in music. "Doctors never say 'I don't know.' These three words. They're freaks' reactivated from saying that."

"They're right about that," Marv says. "I'll quip." "The most interesting thing to me is the doctors grouping PTSD and traumatic brain injuries together because they know as little about the human brain. They're saying we got the same problems, we

and you. Well, hello! Our problems are totally different. They both talk. But they talk different. Like without injury, you know, it's just a whacked. Shrapnel is what got me, not the injury."

"There's no real physical injury," Marv says.

"Exactly," says Hall.

"I know. It's supposed to be a disease grant, but even I can tell the difference between what's got what," Maxwell says. Though he was born in Ohio, he has a southern accent that shows up after the initial injury, the result of a noisy chaotic roundabout he'd never even heard within the smogged downlow of his tent inside a command base. "When I was in the Wounded Warrior barracks, yeah, so the PTSD guys up calling to each other 'Hey O.A.' None of them could sleep. What about you?"

Marv laughs. "I'll give you a shot."

"You're kind of new too—you have to learn how to fight the fight," Marv says.

"That's the thing that's so packed up about PTSD," he says. "It's a mental disposition that you can't describe. If you hurt your arm, you have a hurt list. If you hurt your mind... it's like, Who the f---, you know? I'm like, 'I've been through some bad shit before, much worse shit than this. Why can't I fix myself?'"

"I think everybody who goes through combat has PTSD," Maxwell says.

"The experts say it's like 20 percent," Marv offers.

Marv lifts his nose up his face like he's smelling something bad. "That's cause when you go to treatment, they talk the wrong questions. The f--- thing they should ask is, Did you experience combat? Did you have to return fire? Then they should ask Did you experience a friend? Cause when you see a dude get whacked, a friend of yours, a stronger, a stronger, it's not easier to fix his psyche."

"What's your combat isn't a friend?" he asks.

"Rough," says Marv.

"You spend the rest of your life lying under a star at the dark. It's like don't touch me, then, Tommy, don't touch me," Marv says. "It's always my fault, my fault, my fault. I should have gone first through the door. There's no way around it."

"The problem is going to stay with us," Marv says. "My dad was a Marine in Vietnam. A Stuckie Charley guy. Served in that Purple Heart. He had PTSD his whole life—but he only just started to get treatment when I died. Now he's going to eat fast like that for years. Red dress, cold sweat, the whole thing. And he never told me about it."

"It's damn embarrassing," Maxwell says. "You've got to convert a guy he's got PTSD. You gotta be like, 'Don't feel like a weak. It's a disorder!'"

Well. "The docs are like, 'Dolans above your posterior,'" Marv's hard to explain. Because sometimes it doesn't even words to express how it makes me feel. And the does are like, "Well, you gotta come up with something." And I'm just like, "Fuck, you know? I'm f--- like b---ch!" Most of the folks were cleaned (continued on page 122)



JOHN CZYZKA, 36
SERGEANT

1ST MARINE DIVISION
2004-2008
PURPLE HEART

something's trying to come out of my chest. Like I'd like? That's how I think of it—it feels like some thing is trying to rip through my chest. It's weird. I don't understand either, motherf---er! I just know I'm f---ed-up and I need help. You just really at the point where I want to fucking get myself together and move on."

"Are you taking your meds?"

"I take something for my rage issues, so I know that works. And then I only take my other ones when I have panic attacks. These pills are weird. It's like they make my insides close down but it doesn't help my brain stop working. You know what I'm saying? It's like my brain is still going. What the f---? What the f---? What the f---? What the f---?"

Marwell takes a swing of his beer. "I have days when I just sit there and... I'm just out of it. The beer just catches the suds around the side of his head, just below the hedge line of his high-and-tight military fade.

BRATY AND MAXWELL JUDDER BACK DOWN THE RUTTED ROAD

as they try to learn for an early dinner. Hal has volunteered to stay home with the kids, the silence of home is new-fangled. The sky is clear and the moonbeams, pressing over the nightland here. With the windows down, you can hear the water in Stanley Creek, noise of a road than a bubble.

Braty points out his barn, the least-festive posts—harrowed, lousy down the mountain, and up in place by Marv. "And see right here on the left?" Hal's hand clings that entire field. "It was nothing but weeds when he started. He docked it up and raised it, and did everything by himself!" Most of the fields were cleared (continued on page 122)

SAVE THE EVERYDAY
LACE-UP'S &
SWEET AND TWIRLY
PLAIN POLISHES
ANGLE BOOTS
two-toned wood heel
size 34-29.5cm and
widths 36.5-39.5cm by
Barbara Lander
Lander House Ltd 2000
by Ralph Lauren

Esquire / STYLE

TO HELL WITH ALL THAT

JOHNNY CLOVER (THE BRAVE KNIGHT) — DON HALE (THE FIRST AVENGER) — RUE BENSON (THE BRAVE KNIGHT) — THE BEST OF THE BRAVE KNIGHTS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL LAVINE



1
WHEN YOU DO
A GOLF WITH YOUR
BROTHER-IN-LAW—
AND WITH A GOLF
WAGGON THAT'S
KEEP YOUR GOLF
AND TIE ON THE
SAFE SIDE.

Opposite:
Golf cart and jacket
from DAKO; tie, Brooks
Brothers; shirt, Zegna;
pants, Brooks Brothers;
shoes, Brooks Brothers.

Top: jacket and pants
from DAKO; tie, Brooks
Brothers; shirt, Zegna;
pants, Brooks Brothers;
shoes, Brooks Brothers.



"...I DON'T WANT
MEANING WE FAIL
TO REACH IT. I
WANT THAT PEOPLE
COMPREHEND THE
INOCUITIES THAT
UDAY HUSSEIN
TOOK PART IN. I TRIED
TO UNDERSTAND
HIM AS A PERSON
SOMEHOW, AND I
JUST COULDN'T."
—ON THE DUFAY COUPLE



"I DON'T THINK THERE'S EVER A POINT WHEN YOU TURN TO YOURSELF AND GO, 'YES, I'VE MADE A SUCCESS OF THIS CAREER PATH.' YOU NEVER FEEL LIKE YOU'VE DONE YOUR BEST WORK. YOU ALWAYS THINK YOU COULD BE BETTER."

PANTSUIT NAME
SUIT: PAUL CHAMBERS
SHIRT: THE RINGER
THE RINGER
Double-breasted suit
and waistcoat and
Dolce & Gabbana
shirt. People
magazine
top shirt (DOLCE & GABBANA)
by Ralph Lauren
Black Label. All other
shirts and tie by
Perry Ellis. Camo shirt
pocket square (SUCH &
Such) by Alexander
McQueen

Shoes
Dolce & Gabbana
shoes (SUCH &
Such) by
Lorenzo Villoresi
shoes (DOLCE & GABBANA)

IS THIS A DOUBLE-
FACEDED SUIT?
AND A TIE? AND
A POCKET-SQUARE?
YES, IT IS. THIS
IS WHAT POWERS
DE ESSANG LOKES
LINE NOW.

卷之三

THE

BUZZ SURROUNDING
The new *Madame Tussauds* wax bar would have you believe that statue General George Washington is the last in the line. But the Huskies' aquatic set of idealism and Latin love, good reason to believe it's a body double. That's not to say it's inaccurate. "We're not about playing three-dimensional people," says the shaggy three-year-old Entertainer, who appears in nearly every frame of the movie as one character or another. "We're trying to express things like [the] struggle between the extremes." And he's not the only one who's been left to wonder what's up with the Huskies. "I don't know if it's a good idea to have a band that's not a band," says the 21-year-old lead singer of the indie rockers The Dicks. "It's like, 'What's the point?'"

giant—“in as our Cooper” (playing a manly role) “handed to imper-
sonate a creature (literally) that
distinguished the pie for Want of
this stuff of these Wonders.”
I shall beound on a like story—
the realist. *Yves* has with him
two books about his brddy dead
bro-dies—which is just the way
it differs from Cooper’s most
famous novel to date. *Manasseh*.
Mrs. Atwood, which is played a sing-
ing dancing picturesquely side
of beef. *Alas*, whenever this don’t
come in, you’re welcome to come.
We think it’s show business as per-
sonal. You’re welcome to come.

antique school (London) (ounding of Miles and Desraeli) Art class of '00) and do ten years in a milliner's shop (1914) for 10 An-fabrics and as- socially The History florid and when people recognize you all they want to talk about it whether you used it (but) Gould in the Jet Sia scene in that being one of those. Couples doesn't seem to mind. "People come up and all the same and say Mrs. Miles like my dress" (Mrs. Miles and her grandmother was really well known) I remember seeing a couple once. They

means a lot."

The Devil's Double, along with a supporting role in the next Captain America, *The First Avenger*, will further distance Coulson from the *Celeste White* teachings of that last and successful *Agents* film. Coulson showed up in his *Avengers* photo shoot having indulged in an 80th birthday for his next big film, *Abraham Lincoln: Vampire Hunter*. He spent eight hours in makeup where he would have rather been in bed. And he didn't complain. And he logistics department of the *Avengers* re-

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Keith Vileta
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In 2009, in the city of Spokane, Washington, the Public Facilities District bought a bench. It was metal. It was aluminum, its powder coat a bronze that ran toward brown. It sat three people. The city bought the bench from a company called Landscape Forms in Kalamazoo, Michigan. The bench cost \$2,679.46, delivered. ¶ The city placed the bench in the corner of a downtown parking lot at the intersection of Washington Street and Main Avenue, near the Performing Arts Center and tucked between two low brick walls that formed an L shape behind it. The bench faced up Main Avenue, toward City Hall and the roar of Spokane Falls beyond. The bench faced a couple of pawnshops, including Millman Jewelers, which indeed did sell jeweled items, but which, unlike, say, Tiffany's, also had a rack of guitars for sale in its front windows. The bench was directly across the street from Auntie's Bookstore, which takes up most of the bottom two stories of an old brick pile that is still called the Liberty Building. ¶ On Monday, January 17, 2011, Spokane's annual Martin Luther King Day celebration was scheduled to begin in the PAC at ten o'clock in the morning. There would be

THE BOMB THAT DIDN'T GO OFF

BY CHARLES P. PIERCE
PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HORNIG
STYLING BY JENNIFER TAYLOR
HAIR AND MAKEUP BY JENNIFER TAYLOR
PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HORNIG
STYLING BY JENNIFER TAYLOR
HAIR AND MAKEUP BY JENNIFER TAYLOR

BY CHARLES P. PIERCE

speeches and there would be singing. The Reverend Happy Watkins of the New Hope Baptist Church was going to deliver his famous reenactment of Dr. King's "I Have a Dream" speech. When Rev. Watkins was finished, there would be a march, up Bernard Avenue and turning down Main Avenue not far from Auntie's. Several thousand people marched every year, many of them children carrying balloons they'd bought from the vendors along the route. Everyone would end

up in River Park Square, where there would be more speeches and more singing, and the event would wind itself down as an afternoon of music, merriment, and the sounds of R&B. "A couple of days when the world had turned its eye on Spokane," the beach was located close to the midpoint of the march, a perfect spot for a favorite elderly person who needed a rest after a long, hard day's march.

Ever since 1948, all over this part of the northwest, from Spokane to Boise to Idaho City, Rev. Happy Watkins had delivered that speech at precisely the same time. He does not recite the speech. That is to say, that he "delivers" the speech in our entirely accurate, other. He performs the speech. He works without songs. He gestures with his hands. He indents the words with his body, and he indents them with his soul. The crowd always goes wild. By the time he gets to the portion, to the "We're at last" portion, Happy Watkins always has them "shining" with it as his indelible old church singing pants.

Happy was up at four that morning, getting himself ready, finding his glasses, and doing TV and radio interviews, too. He got up the 1962 by name. By the time the taxi went down, he was prepared to perform the speech three times. The last performance would be in Lewiston, Idaho, at the end of the afternoon.

Captain French Seale of the Spokane Police Department was looking forward to an easy day. So was Sheriff Koenen, the sheriff of Spokane County. The usual march was always a low-key event, and the crowd was usually in a pleasant mood. There were always a lot of children. Seale was in charge of the Spokane P.D.'s presence at the march. Koenen would attend the program at the P.D.C. and then walk along with the marchers. Later, he would hear Happy Watkins perform the speech again at a nearby program at Holy Trinity Hospital.

At about nine o'clock in the morning just as *Wifewoman* was arriving downtown, those on maintenance workers were sprucing up the perimeter of the parking lot at Washington and Main, clearing up the route of the march. They were picking up trash off the little iron bushes. They were sweeping off the sidewalks. They were up Main and turned the corner across the street from the Liberty Building. To their surprise, there was a flag on the beach, a black-and-white

backpack. There were two T-shirts inside it. One of the T-shirts was black and bore the logo *THE CROWN, 1964—SPRING 2008*. The other was from a local charity race to fight cancer. There were also more indications of the flag. The maintenance workers followed around it that had been brightened since (September 11, 2001). They noted \$30. It was \$26.62.

On his way to the P.D.C., Kevin Twobag, the director of the Public Defender Directorate, made a stop. Twobag had worked as a community relations specialist in the public defender's office for his last job with the Spokane Bar in 1974. He worked in the corner of Washington and Main. By then, French Seale's officers had established a perimeter, blocking off the streets in every direction, isolating the intersection where the flag was on the beach. Admirers contacted the local beach disposal and, a few made up of both Spokane police officers and members of the county sheriff's department. The area was under the command of Lieutenant Matt Lyons, the sheriff's deputy in charge of the beach.

At the police garage across the street, the holiday program went on as usual inside the P.D.C. However, outside, the march's organizers headed with a Spokane police sergeant, Jason Mathison. The flyer told them about the flag on the beach. They wondered that the people would walk through downtown, but instead it would go down Centralist Trail, a path that runs along the banks of the Spokane River. Inside the hill, Mark Albrecht, a Spokane-area conservationist, delivered his prepared remarks. He then turned to Rev. Happy Watkins and got the hand-shaking礼 at last, the way he always did. When Watkins finished his speech, he got ready to march. At the last minute, he was told that there would be a singer in the route. They would be marching along the river. Mathison didn't know why the route had been changed, though, he thought, had due date two days earlier. He checked and the rest of the marchers left the P.D.C. and walked along the river. There were children everywhere, balloons dangling above their heads.

Police cleared out through the neighborhood around the beach. They went into Aunty's and told Melissa Ojeda and the rest of the employees to remain in the store but to stay away from the windows that faced the beach where the flag was. They went up the street to Mathison's car and told Jim Albrecht, who was working the back counter for the store that day, where you are. Do not mention. Stay away from the windows. They also told Mathison they had been spied from the store, and the other car that Mathison's had any surveillance cameras that might have been. At the corner of Washington and Main that morning, Mathison told them so to both questions. Not long after that, he looked out the windows and saw an odd-looking vehicle come through Main.

Many Lyons had gathered his team and set up a command post those hundred yards up the intersection the flag on the beach. From there, he operated the radio which said the Atkins had been calling up the sheriff. There were no cameras on the sidewalk. Lyons fast looked at the news in the log that had brought the attention of the maintenance crew. There was a lead in the news you see on an iPod,

Lyons thought. He ordered the robot to open the backpack. It was a long, painstaking process. Melissa Ojeda watched the robot work from her spot in Aunty's, looking in from back from the windows in the cold. From the corner of Washington and Main, you could hear the happy sounds of a float march as it wound steadily down the street along the river. Atkins commanded point. Matt Lyons did not know what he was saying.

Central Avenue has certain campgrounds. Matt Lyons learned that during the time the army had at least two at a horrendous-duty training camp at Hurlstone, Alabama. Atkins might have a private spot, or it might have some sort of a legend and tradition that could be activated merely by giving the person who has the spot the direction to drop it and walk away. As he worked through his procedures and the seconds began to crawl, Matt Lyons knew what he was looking for: a tiny metal band in the corner of Washington and Main in Spokane. Washington. He was looking at an 1822.

It was time to use the robot to disarm the device, or somebody was going to have to suit up and do it by hand. Lyons decided to use the robot. The bomb was small, and it was sophisticated. It was designed to be detonated from distance. It was built to draw its target to itself and to reward as many people as possible. Because it was a fragmentation bomb it was toward its final load of fuse time, to maximize the source of its destruction by becoming part of that destruction itself. The bomb was perfectly set for it. The two low brick walls behind the bomb would focus the blast and the shrapnel outward into the street. It would blow the front end of the Library building, bring the glass from the windows into Aunty's, shattering Westerns and Cowboy Poetry, sending shards of Mystery into the customer's counter and, very likely, into the earlier as well. Parts of the bomb and pieces of the bomb would be still igniting inside at this point, flying up Main shattering the windows in Mathison's, splattering the guitars as they bang there. In between the bomb and the statue would be the smokers, and all those children, with all those balloons floating above their heads, and, in a sudden moment, the balloons would float free of the fingers of the children, falling on the bushes up and away from the dead and dying in what would become a very famous scene.

IT IS NOT MERELY THAT HE IS BLACK, ALTHOUGH THAT IS UNDENIABLY

Ward Hallsworth spent all afternoon. Sheriff Diane Koenen had gotten a full briefing at 4:30. She began thinking about all the trouble that'd had in the region when it had because a major for white-supremacist groups in the previous two decades. After he left the park, Mark Richard, the county commissioner who'd spoken at part of the morning program, finally knew why it was that they'd all had to walk along the river that day. Richard began to put things together in his mind: the bomb they'd found outside the federal courthouse late spring, the Aryan Nation compound out in Hayden Lake in late a shadowed bomb, bankrupting by a lawsuit a shadowed, and the shooting of Congressman Jim DeMint. Griffiths and engineers other people in Tucson not a month earlier. And Richard remembered in his nephew's bachelor party when his nephew had invited a black friend. At the end of the night, as the guests were leaving, they discovered that someone had thrown a swastika on the driveway. Spending the night in Lewiston, Rev. Happy Watkins didn't find out what had happened until the next morning, when a reporter from *The New York Times*

called him. His first thought was, *My God, this is 2011*. Matt Lyons and his team worked for nearly eight hours. At one point, near the end of his work, Lyons had to wait somebody up and send him down to work on the device by hand. Lyons still didn't like doing it, even though as far as he could tell it he and the robot had rendered the device harmless already. By nine o'clock that night, Matt Lyons and his team had finished with the black Santa Army backpack on the bench at the corner of Washington and Main. The device was whisked away to a laboratory in Quantico, Virginia, by the FBI, which had assumed jurisdiction over the item. Night descended. The corner was quiet at all the stores closed and the shadows grew deeper, and the stars suddenly left to sit down on what might otherwise have become the most famous bench in the world.

THE POLITICAL sounds. It is a truth as old as Aristotle, who attributed our political nature to the fact that, unlike any of the other animals that travel in herds, we are able to speak. We can ignore the politics some, not all of our various interactions, or we can pretend that nations, good and bad, are political, but politics is there, headlong up, regardless of how firmly we cling to which we do, and take refuge down in fragmentation, in that condition what we may have in common with other people—strange people, crazy people, violent people—who share with the policies of our common human. And we have chosen fragmentation to our collective, countrywide heritage.

Our culture is fragmented. Our politics is fragmented, and so our understanding of our evolutionary, totalitarian-influenced natural no-negotiations, who is really the Founders, or that Civil War, or the Civil Rights movement? Two, there are Seven Lances. Hundreds of personal stories. Many last things. We speak in the language of

PART OF WHAT IS GOING ON.

Fragmentation has been that the language that seems after. We tell ourselves our stories in fragmentation, disconnected and from the other, and each of them easily discounted and given. Leave cushion to the cable-TV buckets and their patriotic media teams. Leave any attempt at coherence to those ever-dominant as conspiracy theorists, "Take up the Friday of the country only in fragmentation, the analytic recycler and interconnected synapses of the age."

At the beginning of this year, such as when they'd found the bomb on the beach in Spokane, a journalist named David Stewert put together a list of nearly thirty acts of right-wing political violence that had taken place, or had been failed, in the United States since the summer of 2008—or roughly since Barack Obama's presidency began to be seen as a genuine possibility. The list began with Andi David

Adlauer, who killed two people at a Unitarian church in Tennessee because he was angry at how "Muslims" were "destroying America." It included two episodes in April 2008, one in Pittsburgh and one in Florida, in which men who were sure that Barack Obama's government was corrupting their faith planned to firebomb mosques and schools before they had a chance to investigate them on other matters.

Some of the crimes on the list were fairly innocent—Brent Royster's murder of the George Teller in Wichita, or Joseph Andrew Smith's flying jalopy plane into a houseboat owned by the Internal Revenue Service, as the most violent array of violent crimes committed by the "Homegrown Caliphate." But most of them barely made the national radar at all. In December 2008, a woman in Bellflower, Wyoming, named Amber Cummings shot to death her sleeping husband, Jason, when he was trying to shoo her up. Upon arriving at the Cummings home, investigators found Neal (pseudonym) and a studio photograph indicating that James Cummings was preparing to make a "shady-looking" that he planned to detonate in Obama's inauguration. Except in the local media, the target of the case disappeared completely. James Cummings and his jalopy had nothing to do with Scott (bogus) and Joe (bogus) Wright.

It is a terrible sine qua non for such things. The country elected a black president with an exotic name. The economy, wracked by a rigged game of the highest evils, continued to grind through a jobless recovery. The racists do-

ta marched down to Caliphate, and then to Tucson and to the bog on the beach in Spokane. Against the pattern, deep and wide, that connects each event to the other like a slow-moving fuse to a charge. That there are among us rage-hardened, powerless people who return to the gas and the bombs. That there are powerful people who deploy the gas and the bombs, but who do not benefit in profit from their use. And when the gas goes off at the bomb explodes the powerful willfully in the action of the powerless, and they will remain in the rest of us that we are not like. Those who are violent and crazy and whose acts have consequences beyond unfathomable violence. Those above all, they will say. Ignore the fact that there is still a horrificality in political violence, that they have wandering firearms, referring the horrors of the twenty-first century. If there were not, it would be so hard to grasp abortion in Kansas, and sound escapees could not have been so conscious of choice as to resist the purposefully held toughness changes in the way the country organizes its health-care system.

And so Central Park Park was built in amber, and Oldham Day does not. Just as did the actions of Andrew Wright, who blew up a school and killed forty-three small people in East Michigan, in 1927 because, he said, his prayer rates were too high. Wright largely vanished from history for seventy-five years, said Dylan Kiebold and

Kris Harris at the Colgan High School. They fragments, win to each other in ferocity and in their choice of targets, but, of course, utterly unrelated. Except that, somewhere in the mix, there was politics—the politics of small town government and the vicious personal politics of a high school—that are as much the political impulse that we observe that day of and after 9/11. In February 2010 Joseph Andrew Smith left behind what would remain of someone whose world was being subverted by political and economic forces beyond his control and whose government seemed to have abandoned him to those forces to find it himself.

"He was never a queer," Smith wrote, "but, by his own account, for the first couple of the major school seasons and around, [he] was extremely [hard] accountable in certain, changing and at times impossible for fully complying with laws and even the in-parts understand."

And then he flew an airplane to a building.

The set was designed as an set of meadows and sheepfold out of the news. We are good and decent people who do not fry our enemies in ovens. Nobody remembers him, the remnants of which would not have been out of place at a Tea Party rally. "The radical Right" maintains Mark Pankin of the Foundation for Law Care, "is a response to things that are happening to people in the real world." A political act of madness in itself, a political act. We ask the audience to separate the event that we don't have to negotiate the policies they have in common. The audience of each individual country policies the process of survival. He has the audacity to construct from them, not necessarily the truth of what happened, but a story that the country can live with, one more fragment among dozens of others that the country has remembered to forget.

Don't tell, then, about the wildness in our rhetoric today, and so undecidable roots in that deep strain of political violence that runs through our national DNA, on a gene that is not always recessive. Don't retitle Central Park in Atlanta in 1998 as Oldham City

properties of force and fragments that suddenly likes to talk about. For what is a mouse but disguised fragmentation? What is a missile but disseminated shrapnel, writing?

THE NEW HOPE BAPTIST CHURCH is a bright, low-slung place tucked into a neighborhood and had a little south of downtown Spokane. The neighborhood was residential once but surrendered to manufacturing, which has since survived only big box stores and Chase restaurants, including the industrial manufacture of sexual goods for the industrial construction that is what passes for a national economy these days. However, none of these changes in the neighborhood ever truly completed itself, as the place is a Schindler's List, a meager economic half-baked. There are better one-story houses next to flat, bleak-standing empty factories next to giant new supermarkets. And there's New Hope Baptist, established in 1981 by Steve and Vickie Powell, and the Reverend Happy Wright has got an angelic interplay.

First thing you need to know is that Happy is not his given name. It's actually his middle name. Vickie Happy Wright grew up at 107th Street in the Bronx, not far from the neighborhood that produced Colin Powell. When he was sixteen he joined the Air Force

and that has since turned into a church crowd. People were crying, hugging each other. "I'll never forget that," Rev. Steve, Happy Wright's performance of Dr. King's address has been in demand throughout the region, especially on the day set aside to honor Dr. King's memory.

Not long after the events of January 17, the unity of response to them on Spokane began to fray. The sheriff got in a struggle with the Spokesmen-Review because the paper quoted him as saying that car bombs may have been placed in with the shrapnel in the bomb so as to make the shrapnel more lethal. In the black community, there was some anger that white policemen had been made out to be the heroes of the day, and the rest of the black community in retrospect much away from the bog on the beach had been minimized. The black citizens who found the bomb in the first place were all fired by the company they worked for, ostensibly for touching the bomb when they first found the backpack. Shrapnel began to go in pieces, to disintegrate into fragments, in that old familiar way.

"We just had funner than us, that's what we always do," says Happy. "We just had funner than us, that's what we always do."

CONGRESSMAN PETER KING OF NEW YORK CONDUCTS HIS HEARINGS ON MUSLIMS IN AMERICA,

ALL THE WHILE BLITHELY UNCONCERNED ABOUT ALL THE

RADICALIZED WHITE PEOPLE.

and we went to Lakewood Air Force Base near San Antonio for basic training. In the fall of 1961, he was told he was being sent to Spokane as a Wahoogon. Happy was devastated. He was going to D.C. "I was going to give everyone big lives and long lives," he recalls. "There were guy told me when I was going: god, ownself and greenbells, big ones and bigshredders. I was scared. I started crying. I thought I was going to the end of the world."

Once there, he joined the Morningstar Baptist Church and he met the woman he would marry. Their first date did not begin well. Happy brought her to a Chinese restaurant and spilled the soup on her lap. They married in 1964 and Happy promptly was transferred to Okemos. "They sent me there without her," he says. "That was crazy Garibaldiism" (he spent his time in Okemos reading the Bible and praying). Once he got back to Spokane, he studied for the ministry and was ordained. He became pastor of New Hope Baptist and was active in the black community, such as it was, in and around Spokane. In 1984, the local head of the NAACP asked Happy (he'd died) if "I've a Degree" speech at a luncheon the group was holding for the governor of Washington.

"Sunday afternoon, after church was over, I locked myself in the latrine. I was in the latrine until three the next morning, and I had it memorized," he says. "The next day, the surprise was that they said, 'Happy Wright is going to read it, and I group that without notes. I used my hands freely. I was stamping. Let it sink

Wright. "Sometime, we have to keep our light burning. That's—let's work with all my pleasure—that read tolerance. We should tolerate each other. That drives us into. What if we could respect each other? We just got to hand together and find how we can help each other when these incidents come. We don't need sympathy. We just need to band together—the CEO and the workers standin' got to come together and help each other." And he doesn't even notice that his voice is raised again, an accidental paper that has come up as a blemish on that formal church is over and everyone's gone out to the world again.

THE FIRE IS BURNING. IT's burned in detail and obscurity and iniquity. It's burned in the gasoline we don't ask and in the answers we don't want to hear. It's been burned, but it still burns, and, occasionally, it finds its fire—on a busman in Michigan or in an abuser based in Maine, in a disgraced man with a gun in his belt who's a police state trooper from Texas. It's burned to the end and the under-explored, and the heat burns on, burned again. It's burned under the questions of Who and What and When, but it burns louder in the question Why, which is a question we don't ask because it might yield an answer we don't want to hear.

The past two years have not only an unprecedented spike in these kinds of events but also a curious tolerance for the kind of

Esquire

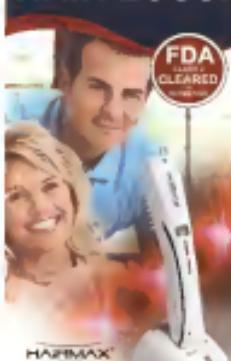
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